

*The Australian*

Over 700,000 Copies Sold Every Week

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 7, 1950

PRICE

6<sup>p</sup>

Incorporating the  
Australian Home Budget

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.





# STOPS THE HEADACHE



# BUT DOESN'T 'STOP' YOU



It's strange how some odd beliefs still exist. Many people think that if a treatment for some ailment has disagreeable after-effects it must be acting more effectively. Nothing could be further from the truth — especially in the case of treatment for headache and pain.

When a headache treatment "stops" you — leaves you dizzy, depressed and slowed up — it is due to inclusion of harmful drugs. Such after-effects are a handicap in themselves and may also be warnings of harm to your system.

The great feature of 'ASPRO' is that it is so effective in stopping headache and pain without the need to include harmful and habit-forming drugs. 'ASPRO' acts in a SOOTHING way. 'ASPRO' is swift — the headache or pain goes quickly — yet, STRAIGHT AWAY, you feel clear-headed and fresh, ready to carry on. 'ASPRO' is non-habit-forming and can be taken as often as necessary without the slightest fear of harm to heart or stomach.

*The big  
advantage of  
'ASPRO' is that  
it acts in  
A SOOTHING WAY*

#### THE PURITY OF 'ASPRO'

conforms to the standard laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia — a guiding authority of the Medical Profession.

# NO 'AFTER-EFFECTS' with - 'ASPRO'

**DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH**



*Nicholas Product*



# THE GIRL HE DIDN'T MARRY



By MARGUERITE EYSEN

Gazing out over the packed hall, Martha was radiant, smiling sweetly as she bowed.

**B**REAKFAST was over, and Alex had got off to the office in a final burst of speed. Kit plumped Sandy down into his playpen on the living-room floor, still in his pyjamas.

Her voice wheedled him. "Just between you and me, could we co-operate to-day?"

He scrambled, rebellious, to his feet, clinging to the bars. His face threatened to crumple as Kit rolled up her sleeves. She looked around the living-room and shuddered. The house was a shambles.

She could call Mrs. Jones. No, she couldn't. Anne Barratt had Mrs. Jones to-day, and if anybody needed Mrs. Jones, it was Anne.

Both Kit and Anne needed Mrs. Jones. They needed Mrs. Jones, a course of vitamins, a solid week in bed. And all because of Martha Matson.

Martha, the girl Alex had wanted—and didn't get. Martha, the star of radio and stage, returning to her home-town for a concert just when Kit was vice-chairman of the musical society.

For two solid weeks Kit had done little more than sell tickets. In her sleep she was saying over the telephone, "Yes, do come. It is Martha Matson. I felt you wouldn't want to miss it."

Every ticket had been sold. Anne Barratt was the chairman, so the proceeds were in her hands.

It had been Anne's idea to bring Martha back, so let Anne roll out the red carpet while Kit gave the house a lick and a promise, had her hair done and treated herself to a manicure for to-morrow night.

Where to begin? The beds? The dishes? No, the grocery order—they were down to rock-bottom. She picked up the telephone, one eye on Sandy. She was about to dial when the telephone buzzed in her ear, and she said, "Hello."

A desperate croak answered her. "Kit, I woke up with laryngitis."

"Anne!" Kit's heart went out to her. "What can I do? I could bake a cake for you—"

"But Kit!" Anne's croak was horrified. "I can't have her here. With laryngitis?"

Kit's mind caught on. "I'll phone the hotel for rooms. A suite, do you think? No, her accompanist is a man, isn't he? How about—"

"Hotel?" Anne moaned. "In her own home-town? And she's coming only because—"

"Because we've sold five hundred tickets," Kit said flatly. The silence at the other end deepened and thickened. Kit felt a creeping chill. She thought: But just let her suggest it.

Anne suggested it. "Kit, you are vice-chairman, you know, and what would they say if—if you offered her such a slight?"

Kit knew what they'd say. They'd chuckle. "So Kit chuckled her into a hotel! She couldn't have Alex's old flame in the house." Or they'd gasp, "Why, if I'd had any idea, I'd have been only too proud."

Kit's mouth went dry. She couldn't. She wouldn't. And then just before she went over the brink, she thought wildly: I might as well take it in my stride.

"Oh, you mean I'm to have her?" She tried to sound thrilled. "Why, of course, Anne! I just didn't—"

"Kit, I'll do something for you some day. Anythink you ask, if—"

"Go back to bed and forget it." Kit swallowed hard.

"And I'd let you have Mrs. Jones to-day, only—"

"Go back to bed and let her look after you."

"Just to-day, Kit. You can have her to-morrow."

Kit hung up and sat stunned, trying to think. The grocery order. Cancel her appointment with the hairdresser.

Martha Matson . . . good heavens! What would she be like after eight years? Martha was thirty-one. No, she was just Alex's age; thirty-two, and two husbands a part of her past. The orchestra conductor and the producer.

To this day, though, Alex never missed Martha Matson on the radio, and they must have ten of her records. The grocery order. Cancel—

"Mummy!" Sandy's face screwed up . . .

There were deep blue circles of exhaustion under Kit's eyes when she met Alex at the door that evening. She took one look at him; one look at his hale and hearty six feet of well-being as he tossed his coat over a chair, and stretched.

The phone rang, and she picked it up wearily. It was Anne, reminding her that someone would have to meet Martha, who'd be arriving on the nine-forty train, next morning.

Kit assured her that she'd see to it—to Alex she muttered, as she replaced the receiver, "You and your old love, me and my mop."

Alex sniffed the furniture polish then. He saw the bowls and vases of flowers. His forehead furrowed. "Your Aunt Sarah again? I don't want to inherit her fortune."

"No fortune," Kit assured him. "Just distinction, and reflected glory. The spare room bed will be an heirloom. There'll be an engraved plate over the door. Martha Matson slept here."

Alex stood there, staring at her. "Wha—a-t?"

"Laryngitis." Kit bit it out. "Anne Barratt."

It dawned upon Alex slowly. He grinned. He glanced into the shining mirror over the mantelpiece. He straightened his tie and smoothed his hair. He smirked at his reflection.

He said, "Well, well! And who said opportunity knocks only once?"

Kit sat up. "My dear Mr. Lady Killer, to-night you're having baked beans at the kitchen table."

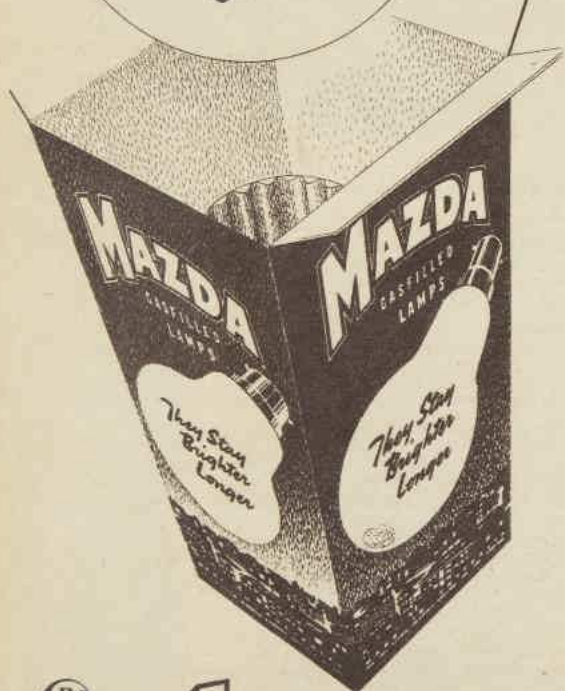
Alex didn't believe it. He saw the cake on the wire cooling tray, and his eyes lit up. He said, "Ah-h-h, that's for me!"

"That's for to-morrow." Kit sat Sandy into his high chair and tied his bib.

Please turn to page 4



They  
Stay  
Brighter  
Longer!



**MAZDA**  
ELECTRIC LAMPS

AUSTRALIAN  
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd., England

KIT sighed and posed theatrically. "For my big scene," she said, "I'll be seated in the candle-light behind the silver coffee pot. I polished the pot. I'll be wearing the hostess gown Aunt Sarah gave me for my trousseau. It's never been out of the box. Enter Mrs. Jones with the cake on the silver salver. I polished the salver."

Unresigned to baked beans, Alex opened the pantry door. "Hey! What's the idea? There's lots of food in here."

"Hands off!" Kit gave Sandy his dinner. "Don't even look at it. For one day, I'll be the cherished woman, the charming chatelaine. Martha Matson will go back to London to cry in the night. How should she know that Mrs. Jones only comes in by the day?"

"What's Mrs. Jones got to do with Martie's crying in the night?" Alex resigned himself to baked beans.

"Martie, he says!" Kit talked to herself. "And the only thing that would revolt the prima donna is the way his hair line has receded."

"Go on!" Alex scoffed. "Receded, my eye."

"Poor man!" Kit shook her head in pity. "His best friends won't tell him."

"Oh, don't worry," Alex reassured her. "His wife will."

But she had made a dent there. In his pyjamas, Alex was examining his hair line in the mirror when Kit at last turned out her bed-light. You bet he was!

It was always the girl he didn't get who was the romance in a man's life. His wife was the faithful hand-maiden, chief cook and bottle-washer. Through Kit's head ran the plans for to-morrow.

She would get up at the crack of dawn. Wash and iron Mrs. Jones' apron and cap. Bath and dress Sandy—wait until Martha Matson laid eyes on Sandy! Suddenly she remembered something and sat bolt upright in bed.

"You'll have to meet the nine-forty train," she told Alex.

"Eh?" Alex left the mirror. "Oh, you don't say!"

Kit's eyes drooped in exhaustion. Get up at the crack of dawn...

The next thing of which she was conscious was Alex's whistle in the bath. She opened her eyes in broad daylight to see Sandy tugging at her eiderdown.

"Rise and shine!" Alex called. "Big day beginning."

Kit sat up in bed, aching in every muscle. She twisted her hair into a knot on top of her head and skewered it with the stray hairpins on her pillow. Her eyes were heavy-lidded. She sagged in body and spirit.

Breakfast and getting Alex off. He rumbled Sandy's hair, played with him in high spirits, and, with a hasty peck on Kit's cheek, he said, "I'll run through the mail at the office, and then I'll be at your service." At her service? Ha!

Kit said, wide-eyed, "Why, how sweet of you, Alex!"

Alex grinned. "Oh, don't mention it. After all, I am the vice-chairman's husband."

The dishes, then the beds, the apron and the cap, the last quick touches. Kit bathed and dressed Sandy in the blue rompers that matched his eyes. She twisted his bright hair around her finger into a cupid's curl on top of his head. She stood back and looked at him. Just beat that, if you please, Miss Matson!

Mrs. Jones had come. Kit heard her heavy step in the kitchen.

She set Sandy in the middle of her bed and begged, breathless, "Darling, don't dribble, will you? Don't spit. Don't move. Don't breathe. Just stay the picture you are, won't you?"

Her smock was damp down the front from his bath. Her hair was still skewered into the knot. She

## The Girl He Didn't Marry

Continued from page 3

heard the slam of a car door. She heard Mrs. Jones call, "That's her. There she is!" She dashed to a window.

It couldn't be. It couldn't. Downstairs the clock began to strike ten. It couldn't be, but it was. It was Alex and the mink-wrapped woman getting out of the car. Tall and slender, the woman walked ahead of Alex—and her hat! It was art, one of a kind.

Alex came behind her with a large suitcase in each hand. Kit was caught. She was caught red-handed. She snatched Sandy up and held him in front of her on the way downstairs.

And Martha didn't know her. Martha thought she was the nurse. Martha's quick glance flicked over Sandy as she stood there, peeling off her gloves, and then travelled around the room.

Alex set the cases down. "You remember Kit, don't you, Martie? That skinny Ransom kid?"

"Kit?" Martha flashed a surface smile. "But of course. And how nice of you to have me, Kit."

It was a surface smile, but beneath it you felt something; some deep, dynamic reserve. It wasn't in the smile. It wasn't in her voice, but it was there, throttled down.

"And a baby, Alex?" Martha's eyes teased him. "Why, how domestic of you!"

Alex chuckled. He smoothed his hair and straightened his tie. "You got that about all our old haunts, didn't you?" Then he was gone.

Kit got Sandy down for his nap. She snatched up the frock then and dashed into the kitchen. She was still pressing, inch by careful inch, the pressing cloth between the brocade and the iron, when she heard Alex's voice calling from the hall.

"Coming along, Kit?"

"Me? In your old haunts?" Kit pressed on.

"Come on! Get your coat. In my old haunts, I'm a wow!"

"If at first you don't succeed—"

"Now there's an idea. But may I ask you just one thing, Madam—"

His voice stopped abruptly. Martha must be coming down the stairs. Kit moistened a forefinger with her tongue and tested the iron again. She had come to the last panel of brocade when she caught a whiff of something burning.

Kit threw the oven door open, and an acrid cloud of smoke belched out at her. It was the roast lamb. Mrs. Jones had put it in the oven, and then in the daze of reflected glory she had turned the oven too high. Hot tears stung behind Kit's eyelids.

Kit put the roast back in the oven. She finished the frock. She got Sandy up and dressed him. With him on her arm, she stopped to look in the mirror. Her hair was still skewered into a knot. The cherished woman! The charming chatelaine!

Suddenly her mouth tightened and her chin hardened. She plumped Sandy into the middle of her bed. She ripped the smock off and seized her hair brush. She snatched the hostess gown from its tissue-paper.

In the kitchen she pinned the skirt up and put a gingham apron over the gown. Mrs. Jones looked her over, and then she said philosophically, "Seems like a body looks themselves in an apron anyhow, don't it?"

Kit fed Sandy with one hand and stirred the gravy with the other hand while Mrs. Jones loosened the grapefruit sections. She was setting the table when she heard the car.

The wind had whipped color into Martha's cheeks. The blue-black hair shone in the firelight as she curled up on the sofa beside Alex while he read the newspaper clippings she handed him.

They were about the voice; the voice in "Rigoletto"; the voice in "Mignon"; the voice in "Faust". Alex said, "You certainly bowl them over, don't you, Martie?" Sandy, in his high chair, was eating his dinner. Mrs. Jones, flushed and eager, was on the mark. Kit lit the candles.

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Martha dallied listlessly with the grapefruit. Alex carved the roast. He served Martha's plate. Her eyes widened at the sight of it, and she gasped, "Oh, Alex, don't tempt me like this! I never dine until after I sing. Never! It would be ruinous to the voice."

Please turn to page 10

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 7, 1950





# CROOKED HOUSE

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

**W**HEN ARISTIDE LEONIDES, wealthy Greek, dies by poisoning, CHARLES HAYWARD, in love with his granddaughter SOPHIA, goes at the request of his father, a Scotland Yard commissioner, and INSPECTOR TAVERNER, to get an outsider's impression of the dead man's household. Its members include BRENDA, Aristide's young widow; Sophia's parents, PHILIP and MAGDA LEONIDES, and EUSTACE and JOSEPHINE, their two other children; Aristide's other son, ROGER, and his wife, CLEMENCY; EDITH de HAVILAND, an elderly aunt; LAURENCE BROWN, tutor to Eustace and Josephine.

The whole household seems to hope that Brenda committed the murder, but, in a private discussion, she assures Charles that she is innocent. Charles continues his story:

**I** WAS finding Brenda very pathetic. The contemptuous way the Leonides family had spoken of her, their eagerness to believe that she had committed the crime—now, at this moment, it all seemed positively inhuman conduct. She was alone, defenceless, hunted. "And if it's not me, they think it's Laurence," she went on.

"What about Laurence?" I asked. "I'm terribly sorry for Laurence. He's delicate and he couldn't go and fight. It's not because he was a coward. It's because he's sensitive. I've tried to cheer him up and to make him feel happy. He has to teach those horrible children. Eustace is always sneering at him, and Josephine—well, you've seen Josephine. You know what she's like."

I said I hadn't met Josephine yet. "Sometimes I think that child isn't right in her head. She has horrible sneaky ways, and she looks queer . . . She gives me the shivers sometimes."

I didn't want to talk about Josephine. I harked back to Laurence Brown.

"Who is he?" I asked. "Where does he come from?"

I had phrased it clumsily. She flushed.

"He isn't anybody particular. He's just like me . . . What chance have you got against all of them?"

"Don't you think you're being a little hysterical?"

"No, I don't. They want to make out that Laurence did it—or that I did. They've got that policeman

on their side. What chance have I got?"

"You mustn't work yourself up," I said.

"Why shouldn't it be one of them who killed him? Or someone from outside? Or one of the servants?"

"There's a certain lack of motive." "Oh, motive! What motive had I got? Or Laurence?"

I felt rather uncomfortable as I

## PART FOUR OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

said: "They might think, I suppose, that you and—er—Laurence—are in love with each other—that you wanted to marry."

She sat bolt upright.

"That's a wicked thing to suggest! And it's not true! We've never said a word of that kind to each other. I've just been sorry for him and tried to cheer him up. We've been friends, that's all." She slumped again, eyeing me warily. "You do believe me, don't you, Charles?"

I did believe her. That is, I believed that she and Laurence were, as she put it, only friends. But I also

believed that, possibly unknown to herself, she was actually in love with the man.

It was with that thought in my mind that I went downstairs in search of Sophia.

As I was about to go into the drawing-room, Sophia poked her head out of a door farther along the passage.

"Hallo," she said. "I'm helping Nannie with lunch."

I would have joined her, but she came out into the passage, shut the door behind her, and taking my arm led me into the drawing-room, which was empty.

"Well," she said, "did you see Brenda? What did you think of her?"

"Frankly," I said, "I was sorry for her."

Sophia looked amused. "I see," she said. "So she got you."

I felt slightly irritated. "The point is," I said, "that I can see her side of it. Apparently you can't."

"Her side of what?"

"Honestly, Sophia, have any of the family ever been nice to her, or even fairly decent to her, since she came here?"

"No, we haven't been nice to her. Why should we be?"

"You do believe me, don't you, Charles?" Brenda murmured, eyeing me warily.

"Just ordinary Christian kindness, if nothing else."

"What a very high moral tone you're taking, Charles. Brenda must have done her stuff pretty well."

"Really, Sophia, you seem—I don't know what's come over you."

"I'm just being honest and not pretending. You've seen Brenda's side of it, so you say. Now take a look at my side. I don't like the type of young woman who makes up a hard-luck story and marries a very rich old man on the strength of it."

She added coldly, "I've a perfect right not to like that type of young woman, and there is no earthly reason why I should pretend I do. And if the facts were written down in cold blood on paper, you wouldn't like that young woman either."

"Was it a made-up story?" I asked.

"About the child? I don't know. Personally, I think so."

"And you resent the fact that your grandfather was taken in by it?"

"Oh, grandfather wasn't taken in," Sophia laughed. "Grandfather was never taken in by anybody. He wanted Brenda. He wanted to play Cophetua to her beggar-maid. He knew just what he was doing and it worked out beautifully according to plan. From grandfather's point of view the marriage was a complete success—like everything he did."

Please turn to page 20





## A Lovely Gift *for a lovely bride*



*"how beautiful"* Her breathless tone shows her excitement at this wonderful gift on her happiest day. She will treasure this lovely Regency Tea and Coffee Service through a lifetime, for it has the mellow charm of heirloom silverware. Its gracious design is executed with the patient care of artist-craftsmen. Its lustrous finish keeps a life-long brilliance. Surely, when you give even a piece of the Regency suite, you give the happiness of possessing something that will always be lovely.

The Paramount range includes silverware for every occasion, from tea and coffee services like Regency and Du Barry, to general utility suites like Rosepoint, Rhinegold, Lovelace and Mayflower. Each may be bought either as a complete suite, or in separate pieces at your jeweller's or in any good department store.

Illustrated leaflets and the name of your nearest Paramount supplier can be obtained from the manufacturers, K. G. Luke Pty. Ltd., 30 Queen's Parade, North Fitzroy.



P A R A M O U N T

THE NATIONAL STANDARD FOR SILVERWARE

*Regency*  
TEA AND COFFEE SERVICE  
BY  
**PARAMOUNT**



JUDY WILLIAMS looked at Agnes Preston, and shook her head.

"I can't understand your attitude, Agnes," she said. "All right, so you were let down by a man. And how long ago was it? Yes, eighteen months. I remember—it was a couple of weeks before I got married. I honestly think it's ridiculous the way you are carrying a torch."

She studied Agnes. "You're young still, but you're wasting the best years of your life. And what for? Some man who doesn't care about you. I'm going to make you snap out of it, my girl. You're coming to my party to-morrow afternoon—or else!"

"No, really, Judy," said Agnes. "It's not a question of carrying a torch. I'm not in love with anyone still, it's just—oh, well, men don't interest me any more, that's all. I've got my job, you know—and my independence. That means a lot to me."

"More than a happy home? Agnes my pet, this is your old friend Judy you're talking to, remember? I'll tell you what's the matter with you. Your pride was hurt, and now you're too cowardly to take another chance. Look me in the eye, Agnes, and try to tell me I'm not speaking the truth."

"Perhaps you're right in a way, Judy—only I don't feel cowardly. It's just that, well—"

"You've got to break the ice again, that's all. Get out and meet people. And to-morrow afternoon at my party is where you'll do it. And I promise you I'll have at least one interesting man there for you to meet."

"Oh, no, Judy, I can't—"

"You can't even take time away from yourself to celebrate your best friend's husband's birthday over a



Guests around them were moving tactfully away, leaving the couple alone—acutely aware of each other.

## THE MATCHMAKERS

cocktail? And on a public holiday, too? I won't let you get away with that. I insist that you come."

"All right, then, if you put it like that . . ."

Back at her home again, Judy Williams put in a telephone call to Nancy Wendel.

"That you, Nancy," she said. "I just phoned to remind you again about to-morrow afternoon. Yes, around six. And Nan, listen, you'd be doing me a favor if you could bring around any eligible bachelor of your acquaintance."

She grimaced. "No, of course I don't know any bachelors myself, silly. Bill's much too jealous, and you and Harry seem to get around so much. It's for an old friend of mine, Agnes Preston. No I don't think you do know her. A sweet girl, but she has been completely out of circulation for far too long."

"Yes. Man trouble. No, I don't know his name. She wrote me when she was on holiday, just before I got married, that she had met someone special and she'd tell me all about it when she got back. Only when she did get back, it was all off for some reason. She hasn't been the same girl since . . ."

"Well, thanks, darling. I know you'll do your best, of course. If you think of anyone, don't bother to let me know—just bring him. Bye now."

On her way back from the telephone to the kitchen of her flat, Nancy Wendel popped another liqueur chocolate into her mouth, and was immediately repentant. "I mustn't do it, she thought, as the sweet liquid trickled down her throat. I just mustn't."

I put on weight so quickly, and even one more chocolate . . . well,

even that seems to reflect on Harry's moods. I know I really ought to go on a diet, but perhaps if I just cut out sweet things it won't be necessary. She went back to making sandwiches for the bridge visitors they expected that evening.

It was over the coffee after dinner that she first broached the matter to her husband.

"Judy Williams phoned me this afternoon," she said. "There's a friend of hers coming to the party, an Agnes something-or-other, and Judy wondered if we knew anyone who might be attracted to her."

"You women!" said Harry. "You all make me tired. You can't see a bachelor or a spinster running around in freedom without wanting to put halters around their necks. You leave this Agnes woman alone. I wouldn't dream of conspiring against any of my friends, anyway. It's none of our business."

All the same, it was Harry who spoke about the matter to the Joplin-Stewarts when they took time off from bridge for tea. "If you know any of the bachelor boys who are looking for a wife," he said to Tom Joplin-Stewart, "then you'd better tell Nancy. She's on a match-making spree with Judy Williams."

Of course, Nancy then had to give the details.

And of course, Claire Joplin-Stewart was very interested. "I can't think of anyone at the moment," she said. "Tom, isn't there anyone at your office?"

"Well, my dear, I hardly like—"

"And why not? Isn't marriage a wonderful institution? Wouldn't you like your friends to be as happy as we are? And besides, wouldn't it be romantic if—"

Tom opened his mouth like a feeble fish, but Harry came to the rescue. "Nobody would dream of arguing with you, Claire. All the same, Tom just can't do anything for romance on this occasion."

"And why not?"

"Well, you must know that the only bachelors at his office are the office boy, who's a bit young to think of settling down, and old Henshaw who's 86 if he's a day. Besides, there's the time element—to-morrow's a public holiday, remember. Tom doesn't go to the office, and Judy Williams is insistent that the lamb must be led to the slaughter at her cocktail party in the afternoon."

"All right, then," Claire said, turn-

### By EDGAR MINSHULL

ing to her husband. "Now, even if you aren't going to the office to-morrow, you're going to play golf, and I'm sure you'll meet someone suitable on the course. In fact, I'm going to rely on you."

"Yes, my sweet," said Tom.

Perhaps that was why, the following morning, he felt uneasy when Claire reminded him of the conversation.

"I expect you to do something, Tom," she said. "After all, I don't know any men, and since we've been asked, it's our duty, in a way."

When Claire said anything was a duty in just that tone of voice, argument was entirely out of the question.

On the course, he paired up with young Allan Richmond. Tom was off his game slightly, probably on account of the problem on his mind, and was three down on the fourth

tee. That was when Allan was put completely off his stroke. He was just addressing the ball when he suddenly let out a yell.

Cursing, he looked down at the golf ball which had struck him, and followed with his eye the probable course it had taken. His eye did not have to travel far. A young woman, red faced and profusely apologetic, was coming towards him.

Allan was icily polite by the time she was within speaking distance and so horribly sarcastic that she retreated in disorder, and the man with her was most uncomfortable.

"Women!" said Allan to Tom. "The more I see of them, the less I hope to come across in the future, and the more sorry I am for married men."

He went on in this fashion for quite a while; in fact, as his game deteriorated, so his dislike of the female sex appeared to increase.

Tom was, if anything, even more uncomfortable. He had had it in his mind to attempt to persuade Allan to come with him to the Williams' cocktail party. Now he saw no possible conversational gambit that could bring the conversation to the required position. In any case, such a dyed-in-the-wool woman-hater . . .

At the club-house he was called to the telephone. It was Claire.

"Tom, about this young man for the party to-night, don't forget I'm relying on you."

"Well, as a matter of fact, my sweet, I don't think there's anyone here—"

"What do you mean, nobody there? There must be. Who's sitting at your table now?"

"Nobody. Just the man I went round with this morning."

"And who is he?"

"Young Allan Richmond."

"Allan! But Tom, you silly, don't you see he's just the man we want?"

"Yes, my sweet, but you see, he's rather difficult. He—well, he doesn't like women."

"Really? Well, I'm very pleased to hear it. That is the type of man who falls easiest. You simply must get him to come."

"It's not going to be very easy."

"I don't care how hard it is—he is definitely the right man. Have lunch with him there, and I'll meet you both at the party."

"But—"

"Well, ring off now, my darling. I simply must phone Nancy and tell her how clever you were to find a man."

Tom came back to the table with deep forebodings. He ordered a drink for himself and another for Allan. And then another round. Finally he got up enough courage to broach the subject.

"Look here, old man," he said, "I'd like you to come with me this afternoon to a cocktail party to meet some people. Nice crowd."

"Thanks all the same, Tom," Allan said, "but after a day's golf I'm about finished."

"But there's someone in particular—" Tom blurted out.

"Ah!" said Allan, "a young woman, of course. And she'll have been brought there for the same reason as I have. In the hope that we will look at each other and fall madly in love. Oh, no! I've been caught that way before. I know I'm unmarried, but I want to remain that way."

Tom took refuge in frankness. "It's quite true," he said, "that there is a girl, but in this case she's very young and attractive. Here, have another drink."

Please turn to page 29



ALL AUSTRALIA  
AT PLAY WILL  
BE WEARING



A NEW SUPER-SOLE\*  
SPORT SHOE BY -  
**DUNLOP**



IT'S THE NEWEST, FINEST,  
FASTEST SPORT SHOE  
IN AUSTRALIA

- 1 Herringbone pattern, completely moulded sole and heel.
- 2 The same tough rubber that goes into famous Dunlop tyres.
- 3 American type, rope pattern foxing for firmer support.
- 4 Full sponge rubber insole that softly cushions the foot.
- 5 A tailored heel that guarantees perfect comfort, perfect fit.
- 6 Special open weave uppers for cool comfort.
- 7 A complete range of sizes for men and women.

DS-7917

GIVE  
"VOLLEY SS"  
FOR HAPPIER  
BIRTHDAYS



SEE THE COMPLETE RANGE  
OF STYLED - FOR - ACTION

**DUNLOP** Sport Shoes

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

DUNLOP RUBBER AUSTRALIA LIMITED (INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA)

STEP OUT IN  
COMFORT IN A  
**DUNLOP**  
Sport Shoe



"MARATHON"  
White reinforced duck, contrasting black tread sole. Sponge insole or heel-lift optional.  
SIZES: Men 5-11, Youths 2-4



"BADMINTON"  
White reinforced duck, sponge insole, and reinforced toe. Black or crepe sole.  
SIZES: Men 5-11, Women 2-7



"SERVICE"  
White reinforced duck with smart punched saddle, black sole, and sponge heel-lift.  
SIZES: Women 2-7



"CASINO"  
White reinforced duck with wide cut-out. Black sole with sponge heel-lift.  
SIZES: Women 2-7



"ROMPER"  
A town Derby with fang ribbed lacing and crepe sole, suede leather tongue and apron.  
SIZES: Boys/Misses 10-1, Children 4-9



"L116"  
LEATHER (CHILDREN'S) Brown leather Derby with matching sole and heel.  
SIZES: Boys/Misses 10-1, Children 7-9



"L117"  
LEATHER (MEN'S) Tan leather Oxford with brown sole and heel.  
SIZES: Men 5-11, Youths 2-4

Make a date  
TODAY, with  
your favourite  
store



By  
ERIC HATCH

MAN and horse went slowly along the country road, once they were out of sight of the house. The horse's hoofs rang clearly on the partly frozen road, making sharp crackling noises when they broke the white ice that lay over the puddles.

Arthur Hamilton and his mount breathed deep of the clean, fresh January air; their breath came out of their nostrils like cigarette smoke.

The saddle creaked comfortably under the scarlet-coated, silk-hatted rider, and the horse's bones creaked a little too, as they always had—though everyone always pretended he could not hear this because Duke was a thoroughbred hunter.

But there was something sad about their slow progress—as though they were riding to a funeral and not to a hunt.

It would be a big meet to-day, New Year's Day, with everyone out who could beg, borrow or steal a horse, in addition to the regular followers and members of the hunt like Arthur Hamilton.

There would be a run, too, because Howard MacAfee, the Master of Hounds, would, if the dogs could not find one under their own steam, drop a fox that had been kept penned up in the kennel for this purpose.

Arthur Hamilton frowned. He didn't like hunting dropped foxes that had lived at the kennels. It didn't seem fair to him. Still, he was glad that there would be a run. It would have been too bad to go out for the last time in his life and just potter around the woods all day. That would leave him too much time for thinking—for bidding good-bye forever to the sport he loved.

He began to recall all the other meets he had ridden to. All his life he had lived for fox hunting. It had been a cherished symbol to him, with its ritual and its shiny trappings and its tradition. Without these things he would not have cared for it. As it was, he had loved it with a deep, almost reverent passion.

Then, as he rode on, he fell to thinking about Ellen and what an angel she had been to him—what an outstandingly brave angel—through all these recent years of diminishing returns from his inherited income and the sporting books and articles he had written so he could go on hunting and his family could go on eating.

He had failed Ellen and he knew it. Coming back from the war he had tried with all his heart and soul to earn money, enough money—and he had failed.

Presently he rounded a bend in the road and came on the meet, glittering in all its full panoply in the morning sunlight—horses pawing, stirrup irons glinting and jingling; perhaps a hundred smartly dressed people in gear, ranging from the pink coats and velvet caps of the master and hunt servants, the black sidesaddle habits and black veils of the women, to brown breeches and checked coats.

Hounds were sitting in a half-circle about the stocky, arrogant huntsman. On each end of the circle sat the professional whippers-in, the long thongs of their hunting whips lying on the ground as though fencing in the hounds.

A little way off, Howard MacAfee was touching the visor of his velvet cap with the handle of his crop in greeting to various members of the field.

Arthur nudged Duke forward to bid the M.F.H. good morning, as was only proper. He liked Howard and was sorry that Howard always seemed so embarrassed in his company nowadays.

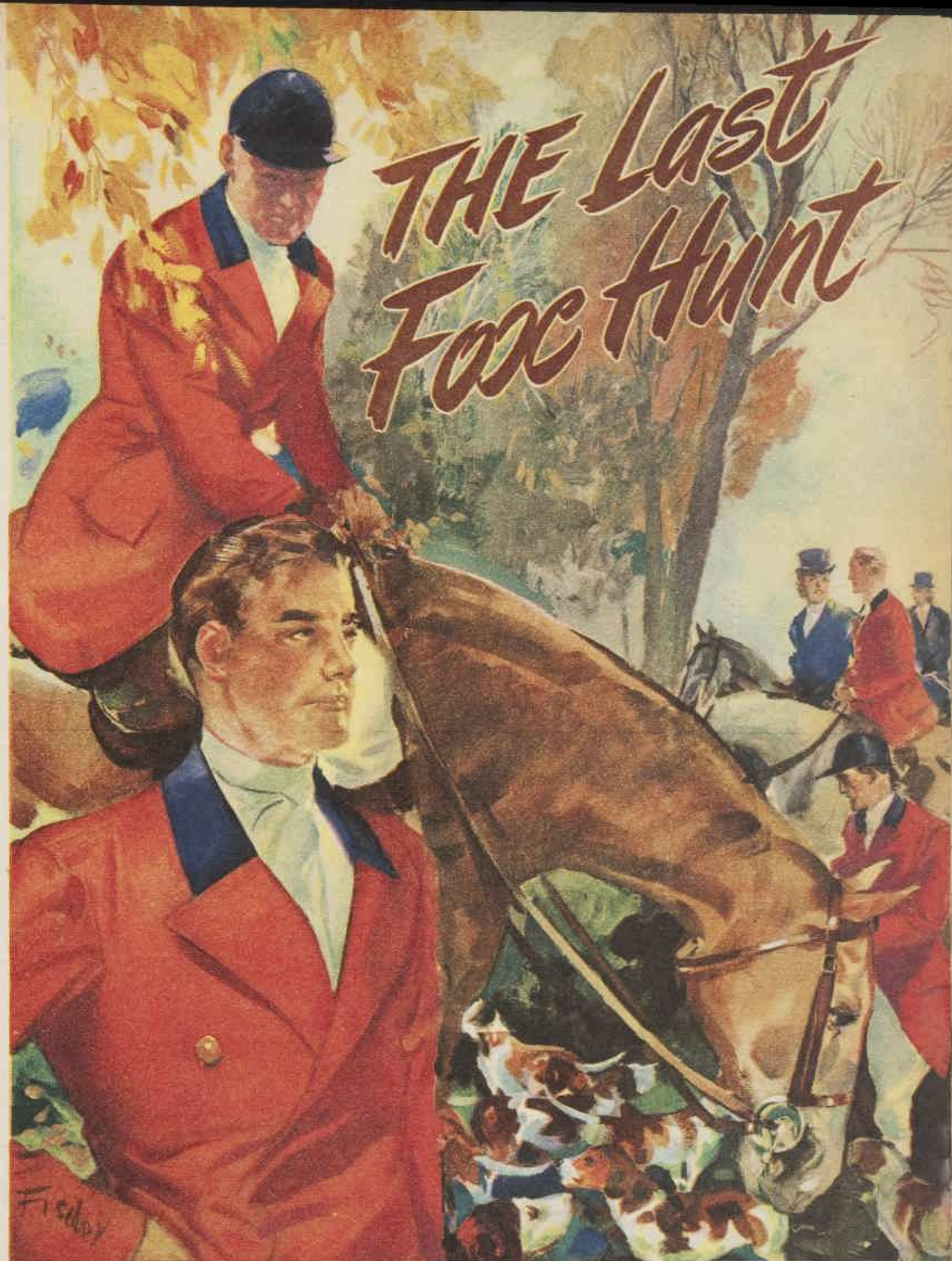
What if Howard had been his publisher? It wasn't Howard's fault that the Hamilton books didn't sell any more because the earth, in turning on its axis, had passed by and left behind the world—this world of glitter and pomp—that the books had been about.

"Morning, Howard," he said, touching the brim of his silk hat with his own crop. "Good day for sport, I should think."

To Arthur's surprise, Howard MacAfee's eyes did not avoid his, but brightened with pleasure.

"Why, hello, Arthur!" said the M.F.H. "Glad to see you out with us to-day." He leaned forward. "By the way—something I want to talk to you about."

Arthur grinned. "My subscription's paid for



the year, Howard."

MacAfee made a deprecating gesture with his crop.

"It isn't that sort of thing at all. Matter of business. You see it turns out—" He broke off as some people rode up full of greetings and conversation. Courtesy and his position demanded he turn to them.

He shrugged his shoulders at Arthur. "Sorry," he said. "We'll talk about it later, old boy."

"Certainly," said Arthur.

FOR a second, he wondered what Howard MacAfee had been going to say. Then he forgot all about it, because the thin piping sound of the huntsman's horn tinkled through the morning. Horses pricked up their ears and hounds jumped to their feet.

The huntsman cried, "Yoi, yoi, yoi, boys, and ladies—eleu in there, Traveller, Music, Ravens—after him, boys; hup, ladies, hup!" He put the tiny horn to his lips again:

"Why didn't you give us a 'Tally Ho,' Arthur," the hunt master asked. "The fox must have cut right in front of you."

Tarr-arr-arr-arr! Then, he cried again, "Yoicks, try rouse 'em! Yoi, try push 'em up!"

Then, surrounded by white and brown and black foxhounds, he made his way through a gate, into a field; he cantered across it and into the woods, followed by the master and the field.

Arthur took up a post near the edge of the woods and listened to the sweet sad music of the horn and the occasional bell-like crying of individual hounds as they roamed and sniffed and snuffed through the woods for the rich, rank scent of the fox that was so sweet to their nostrils.

"Here it comes, Duke," said Arthur. "The old bag fox is going to be dropped now, poor devil!"

He had seen a drab-looking man walk into the woods from the road carrying a potato sack over his shoulder. All the other

regulars there had seen him too and looked to their stirrup leathers and girths and straightened their reins, pretending that they had not seen the gloomy man with the bag. Dropped foxes were really not quite the thing; one pretended one had never heard of the practice.

Arthur Hamilton saw all these gods of the chase checking their gear, settling themselves in their saddles, saw them watching the man with the bag out of the corners of their eyes and pretending not to see him.

"Why do they have to pretend?" Arthur said, scowling.

Then he blushed. He had just realised that for years and years he had been doing the same thing himself—was actually doing it now. Even Duke, wise in the ways of the hunt, was looking away over the countryside, as if he felt no stirrings of excitement.

Please turn to page 36





## Sun-loving—but never Sun-Sorry

Follow the sun as your fancy takes you—

through green pastures, along the white beaches, to glittering mountain snow-fields. Your love of the sun, if you guard your skin wisely and care for it intelligently, will

never prove to be a disastrous passion that

leaves your beauty ravaged. Elizabeth Arden's summer

preparations have been planned to protect the

most inveterate sun worshipper.

### ARDENA SUNPRUF CREAM

Cool, invisible; ensures graceful tanning without redness or discomfort. Use on any exposed area and as a powder foundation. Tubes . . . 3/11 & 9/5.

### ARDENA SUNPRUF CREAM No. 2

With insect repellent. Keeps you ivory pretty while you bask—safe against the sun and from insect bites . . . 3/11 & 9/5.

### ARDENA SUN TAN OIL

Helps you to tan as sweet as honey—and never burn . . . 7/7 & 12/7.

### EIGHT-HOUR CREAM

To soothe and cool the skin after sunbath exposure . . . 9/5 to 27/8.

### PROTECTA CREAM LOTION

An ideal outdoor powder foundation to protect from sun and wind. Impervious to water. Five summer shades . . . 10/11.

### ARDENA OR JAPONICA POWDER

In summer shades . . . Banana, Light and Dark Rosette Bronze, Rose Rachel, Dark Summer Sun . . . 12/7 & 21/8.

*Elizabeth Arden*

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • SYDNEY

## The Girl He Didn't Marry

Continued from page 4

KIT'S mouth fell open. "Not—not anything," she said, appalled at the wasted effort gone into cooking the dinner.

"Oh, a cup of soup, perhaps," Martha shrugged, "and some dry toast."

Soup? In the kitchen, Mrs. Jones said, "There isn't any. We had it for lunch." Kit rushed into the pantry to the emergency shelf and came back with a tin.

"I know I'm a pest," Martha said. "It's what comes of being only an instrument for other people's pleasure."

"It certainly does have its difficult side, doesn't it?" Alex's sympathy didn't affect his appetite. If it had, it would have been the first thing to Kit's knowledge to do so.

Mrs. Jones entered with the silver coffee pot in one hand, and the cake on the silver salver precariously balanced in the other hand. Kit cut the cake for Alex. He said, "Well, well! Look what we have here, and all for me."

His eyes met Kit's gravely, and then, dropping, came to sudden focus on her. Kit looked down, following his glance. She had forgotten to take off the gingham apron.

A sharp howl of outrage penetrated her confusion. Kit said, "I'll go."

She carried Sandy, sobbing, up the back stairs and undressed him, reciting to him to quiet him.

She lay down in the bed beside him, his bright head on her arm, and dozed soothingly.

His eyelids drooped, and so did hers. She couldn't get up. She couldn't. She was too tired. Her last conscious thought was, "And I don't care—if I never get up—again."

A tap on the door woke her, and she glanced quickly at Sandy, but he was asleep. It was Martha at the door.

She said, "Kit, dear, could you do just two hooks for me? I simply can't reach them." Kit shut the door softly behind her and followed Martha to the guest-room. She hooked Martha into the blue brocade, and stood back.

The blue brocade shaded into the blue-black of Martha's hair and into the deep blue of her eyes. It was art. It was witchery. Martha touched up her mouth again with lipstick, absorbed in her reflection.

"How beautiful you are and how—how triumphant, aren't you?" Kit said.

There was something in her voice that caught Martha's attention. Their eyes met in the mirror, and Martha's face slowly softened. She blotted the lipstick and turned to Kit.

"You know that Alex and I were once engaged?"

"Yes. I—I know."

A little smile around Martha's mouth smiled with the memory.

"Engaged and quite desperately in love, both of us, but can you imagine me in a gingham apron? We'd have been poison to each other, Kit. But you're just right for him, aren't you? This snug little house, the baby, a bustling little wife . . . I'm so glad for him, Kit, because that really is Alex, you know."

She patted Kit's shoulder with a gloved hand, and something in the gesture said, "You know it and I know it, whether he knows it or not."

Alex's voice came from the foot of the stairs. "Better hurry, Martie. I'll be back for you in a minute, Kit, and for Pete's sake, be ready, will you?"

She was waiting in the hall when the car lurched around the corner. It ground to a stop at the kerb. Alex threw the door open.

A packed house waited. Dropping into her seat beside Alex, Kit heard the murmur of voices, the flutter of programmes, felt the suspense. The curtain parted and rolled back, the murmur died, the suspense deepened.

A young man in tails sat at the piano. In the hush, Martha stepped from the wings, radiant and smiling. Something had clicked within her. She bowed, smiling, and blew a kiss from her fingertips.

The applause gained volume until the young man raised both hands, brought them down to strike a resounding chord, and the first clear note floated on a wave of dynamic vitality, unleashed.

When at the end, the last lingering note died away into the hush, cheers echoed to the rafters, the cries of "Encore! Encore!" Martha came back to smile, to curtsy, to blow a kiss. She came back, leading the accompanist by the hand. The accompanist came back alone and raised a hand to stem the cheers.

"Miss Matson is deeply touched—and very tired." He bowed, and the curtains rolled together.

"Come on," Alex's nudge brought Kit back to reality. "Let's go."

She waited in the car while he went to bring Martha, and loneliness crowded in upon her, a sickening sense of futility. A cold rain beat against the windows now as she crouched in a corner of the seat, shivering. Alex came back. He was alone, the brim of his hat turned down, his shoulders hunched against the rain.

He said, "I'll take you home, Kit, and come back for Martie. There's a terrific row on backstage. Seems the piano fellow cut in on her a couple of times there."

He hummed a refrain as he drove against the rain. He stopped humming to say, "That was pretty good, wasn't it?" he smiled.

"Yes," Kit said. "Yes, it was."

"And does she know how?" Alex whistled through his teeth.

With a sigh, Kit agreed. "Yes," she said, "Yes, she does."

"And I can see why she'd be tired," Alex mused.

"Yes," Kit said. "So can I."

He turned in to the drive at home, and, stopping, let the engine run.

One hand on the door handle, Kit turned to look at him. "Alex, I'll set the supper table in front of the fire. I'll get everything ready, and then I—I'm going to bed."

"You're . . . what?" Alex's eyebrows drew together.

"I'm going to bed." Kit made it final.

"All right," Alex's voice was grim. "But may I ask you just one thing, Madam? Who's the vice-chairman of this affair, anyhow?"

"I—I am."

"Just so that I know," Alex's eyes were grim, too. "I don't know what made me think I must be. Maybe it was because I feel I've taken the brunt of the voice long enough without being stuck with it alone into the night."

Kit sat frozen, staring at him. "You've—taken—the brunt?"

"Who else?" Alex demanded. "Give me the voice on a record or on the stage, but spare me from being the vice-chairman's husband!"

Kit began to laugh. She laughed and then she began to cry hysterically. Alex was shaking her by the shoulders.

"Kit, what is it? Kit, for Pete's sake!"

"N-nothing. N-nothing's the matter. G-go and g-get her, Alex."

"Oh, bother the voice!" Alex drew her close. She felt the warmth, the haven of his shoulder. "What's the matter with my girl?"

"N-nothing, you ninny!" Kit sat up, and the laughter came through the tears. She pushed his hat back, and smoothed his hairline. "Alex, your hairline hasn't receded. You're handsome, and you're dear, and you're mine. I tell you, I'm all right."

(Copyright)

## Interesting People



DR. FREDA GIBSON

... flying doctor

ONLY woman flying doctor in Australia is Dr. Freda Gibson, who works with the Bush Aid Society from its flying-doctor base at Ceduna, on the coast of South Australia. Until his death over a year ago, she shared the Ceduna practice with her husband, Dr. Roy Gibson. In addition to outback emergency cases, she holds regular consultations—weekly or monthly, according to the centre's population—attends to her own Ceduna general practice, and performs all operations.



PADRE HARRY THORPE

... works with youth

AFFECTIONATELY remembered as "Happy Harry" by Burma-Thailand P.O.W.s, Padre Harry Thorpe, first Children's Homes and Youth Commissioner for the Diocese of Bathurst, N.S.W., leaves this month for a six months' trip to England. Former British P.O.W.s on the railway and Far Eastern Ex-P.O.W. Associations in 25 counties throughout the U.K. have arranged welcomes and hospitality. The padre will also study Anglican senior youth work, his special interest. He co-ordinated Youth Movements in 46 parishes.



MISS OLIVE SHAPLEY

... all England knows her voice

ONE of the pleasantest and best-known voices in the English-speaking world belongs to Olive Shapley, compere and organiser of the B.B.C. "Woman's Hour." An Oxford graduate, she is just 40, a widow (her husband, John Salt, was a broadcasting executive), and the mother of three children. She joined the B.B.C. in 1934 as a Children's Hour organiser, was one of the first to use a mobile recording van, taking the microphone into people's homes instead of bringing people to the studio. Previously she trained as a nursery-school teacher.



## Australian designs



● Elasticised cotton and floral satin lastex suits, above, are practical in any surf, as well as glamorous and flattering.

**A**USTRALIAN - designed swimsuits on this page and our cover show that in this fashion field Australia has nothing to learn, as these suits are equal in wearability, originality, and glamor to any in the world.



● Black-and-white satin lastex one-piece, above, is good camouflage for figure faults, and two-piece gives maximum freedom. One-piece satin lastex, at left, is built to give good bust support.



● Sheath suit of elasticised cotton, at right, can be worn with or without straps.

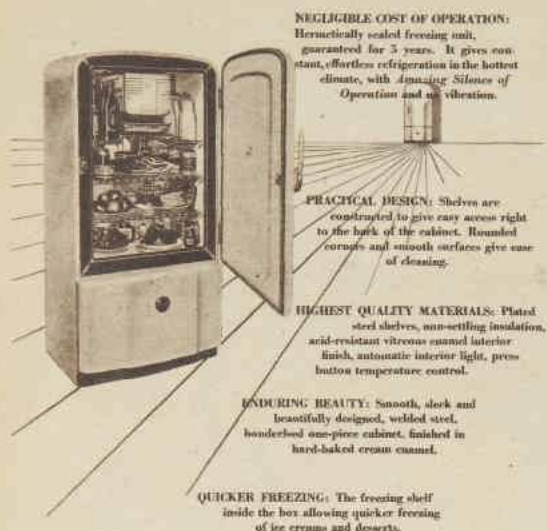
● One-piece, extreme left, gives splendid figure control, two-piece for maximum sun.

*The Australian Women's Weekly* -  
January 7, 1950.  
Page 11





## The World's Best Refrigerator and here are the cold facts...



**NEGLECTIBLE COST OF OPERATION:** Hermetically sealed freezing unit, guaranteed for 3 years. It gives constant, effortless refrigeration in the hottest climate, with *Amazing Silences of Operation* and no vibration.

**PRACTICAL DESIGN:** Shelves are constructed to give easy access right to the back of the cabinet. Rounded corners and smooth surfaces give ease of cleaning.

**HIGHEST QUALITY MATERIALS:** Plated steel shelves, non-settling insulation, acid-resistant vitreous enamel interior finish, automatic interior light, press button temperature control.

**ENDURING BEAUTY:** Smooth, sleek and beautifully designed, welded steel, hand-baked one-piece cabinet, finished in hard-baked cream enamel.

**QUICKER FREEZING:** The freezing shelf inside the box allowing quicker freezing of ice creams and desserts.

## THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC RITEMP

Available from all authorised dealers throughout Australia

If your dealer cannot supply contact  
The English Electric Co. Ltd., Head Office,  
121, York Street, SYDNEY, Phone M 4161

MAKERS OF RITEMP WASHING MACHINES  
known throughout the world for heavy electrical plant



RITEMP COOKERS  
and traction equipment.

EE-3-14



To Suntan Safely..

Skin needs

# NIVEA

For safe suntanning, for protection and relief from scorching sunburn and windburn, naturally skin needs Nivea. Containing "Eucerite," it replaces skin oils dried out by sun and water, softens roughened skin, soothes irritation.

The perfect powder base—safe for baby's tender skin—ideal for after shaving.

"Nivea" and "Eucerite" are registered trade marks.



1/2 lb a tube, 2/- a tin—Chemists & Stores



The All-Purpose Creme



ASK FOR

ROYAL  
TURKISH  
TOWELS  
AND  
BATH  
SHEETS

AT THE LEADING STORES

## TRAVEL WARDROBE

**T**HOUSANDS of Australians will go abroad between the beginning of this month and the end of July, which are the officially recognised months for the big annual exodus overseas.

Among those sailing will be Thelma Afford, costume designer for the Minerva Theatre, Sydney, and the Chauvel film, "Sons of Matthew," who will leave in the Ceramic at the end of the month with her husband, author and playwright Max Afford.

In between her job of designing stage clothes, Mrs. Afford has given much thought to planning a compact travel wardrobe, based on suits and co-ordinates with interchangeable tops and skirts, and has specialised in simple styles that can be dressed up or down. In these pictures Mrs. Afford wears several of the outfits she has chosen to take abroad.



**SHORT SCARF**, with pin thrust through, dresses up sweater, saddle belt, and tweed skirt for cold weather casual wear at sea or for country visiting. Short scarves are the current American craze.

**LIGHTWEIGHT SUIT**, below, of caramel gabardine of classic cut is worn with variety of blouses and straw or felt hats according to the climate. Suits are basis of Mrs. Afford's wardrobe.





# Based on simple styles...



**TOWN SUIT** of black cloth has detachable white pique accent on pockets, and pique waistcoat. Pockets stand out to give unusual hip interest. Skirt is slim fitting.



**THEATRE GOWN** of black wool jersey has portrait neckline, fichu collar, and skirt pulled back to modified bustle.



**SUN-DRESS** is two-piece, with moulded wide-shouldered top, very full skirt. To make variety in casual clothes, top and skirt team with other co-ordinates.



**COCKTAIL DRESS** of brown corduroy is worn with apricot bonnet, has shawl collar to widen shoulders. The bodice has empire waist-line.



**AFTERNOON FROCK** is cleverly styled with waistcoat effect in black top, which is made on sweater lines with a draped semi-hobble skirt, tiny matching bolero.



**INSPIRATION** for fine lawn blouse worn with ballerina or calf-length skirt was a costume designed by Mrs. Afford for her husband's play, "Dark Enchantment."



**SHEEPSKIN COAT** and flannel suit with slim skirt, pointed pocket detail, will be one ensemble for wintry days abroad, and is varied with plain and striped blouses.



Every Chemist, Every Store, Every Jeweller can show you

**Fortune**

IN EVERY WAY THE PERFECT HAIRBRUSH

*Scintillating . Glamorous . Delightful - to - use*  
Beautiful, New, Strong, Expertly made & definitely NOT expensive.

SALON 13/6

The style used professionally by smart hairdressers. Bristles are extremely penetrative pure Nylon. . . . . below

BOUDOIR 16/6

Modern oval style. Fashioned with extra long pure Nylon bristle. . . . . above

BOTH SMART SHAPES NOW AVAILABLE IN  
CLEAR CRYSTAL - CRYSTAL BLUE - ROSE CRYSTAL  
SKY BLUE SATIN - ORCHID PINK SATIN  
POWDER BLUE PASTEL - SHELL PINK PASTEL

YOU CAN USE YOUR **Fortune** HAIRBRUSH AFTER BATHING  
it will come to no harm . . .

SALT & SAND WILL RINSE FROM FORTUNE BRUSHES IN A FEW MOMENTS

All Fortune hairbrushes feature Moisture Resistant Pure Nylon Bristles - Prices are those current in State of manufacture - prices in distant areas may be slightly higher. . . . . Made especially for and distributed to the wholesale trade by LEADER LIMITED, Adelaide, S.A.



## Play that pushed Shaw off stage



**MELODRAMA.** Even the stalls join in with some mild badinage though the gentleman is rather letting himself go. Above, right, "The Gods" registers its disapproval of wicked Lady Audley.

By **BILL STRUTTON**  
of our London office

Good, old-fashioned melodrama in "Lady Audley's Secret" pushed George Bernard Shaw's latest play "Buoyant Billions" off the London stage.

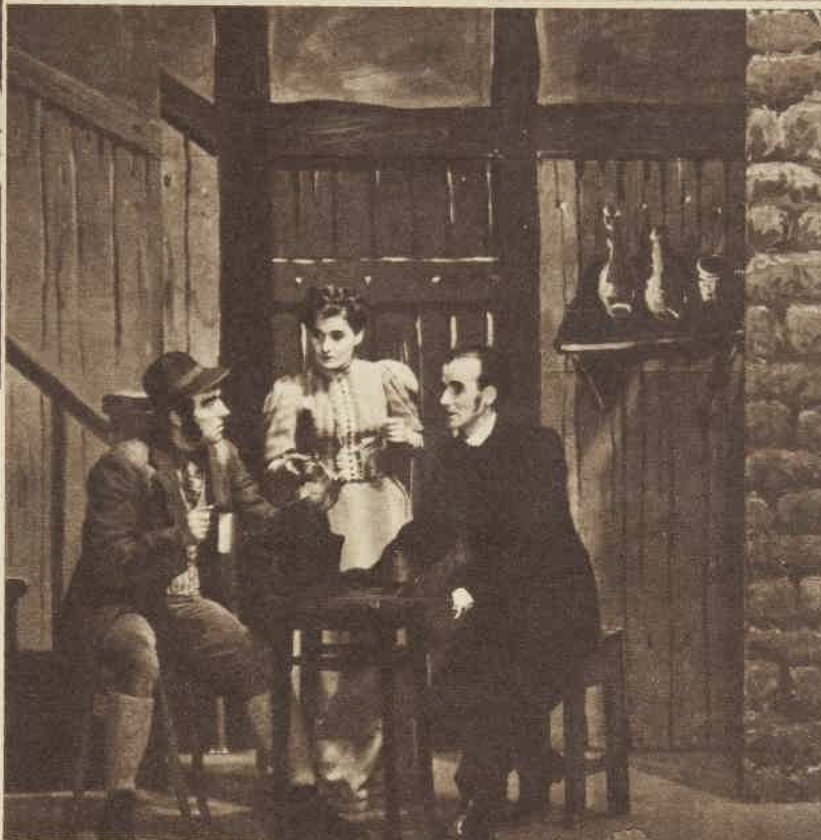
**A**FTER playing to capacity audiences in the historic Bedford Theatre, Camden Town, the 86-year-old spine-chiller has been transferred to the West End to replace Shaw's play, which was a flop.

"Lady Audley's Secret" is drawing packed houses. The audiences boo the villain, hiss the villainess, cheer the heroine, and advise the hero if anybody is sneaking up behind him by yelling out, "Look out there, old chap!"

As if murder, blackmail, setting light to the local hostelry, and robbery are not enough, the cast involved in these sinister doings break off every now and then to sing.

Flitting rather irrelevantly through this burlesque romp is a corps de ballet whose specialty is dances with watering-cans, or as forest nymphs.

The idea of bringing Victorian melodrama up to date belongs to Pat Nye, O.B.E., an ex-Wren officer and now an actress-manageress. With



**GAMEKEEPER**, grown rich by keeping Lady Audley's Secret, and now owner of local inn, where he drinks profits, appears to eavesdropping Lady Audley to be about to release her secret to The Suitor. She decides to set inn on fire and kill them all. Guilty soliloquies of Lady Audley call forth more hisses.

John Penrose, once a naval stoker, she bought up famous old Bedford Theatre, home of historic variety, in the heart of Cockney London.

They aim to experiment with different kinds of stage productions for six months, and are recruiting from new talent a small stock company.

Their first experiment — "Lady Audley's Secret," with Pat Nye herself as the wicked Lady Audley, and with film star Anne Crawford in the lead — has been a howling success.

All the theatre world was there on the old Bedford's new opening night. Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh led the boosers and the hisses.



"I SHALL away to the woods, there to lie in wait for the gamekeeper!" declares the wicked leading lady. "Oh, you evil old thing," hisses the audience, with the greatest enjoyment.



**SIR MICHAEL AUDLEY**, unaware of his wife's evil soul, tells her how sweet she is before they break into duet, "Darling, I am growing o-o-ld," in which the audience joins hilariously, with much mock sentiment.



**RIGHT** after this elegant Victorian greeting, Lady Audley pushes her first husband down a well. She is seen by gamekeeper, who creeps round for rest of night muttering: "I knows what I knows," with audience responding darkly: "Hauaa! He knows what he knows!"



# GAS REFRIGERATION



*gives Long Life,*

*Permanent Silence,*

*Lower Maintenance Costs*

1

### **Reliability and Convenience!**

... a Gas Refrigerator certainly gives both ... not a moment's trouble from one year's end to another. As for convenience, there's roomy storage space for all needs, from tall bottles to bulky vegetables — and it's so easy to get at everything, too.

2

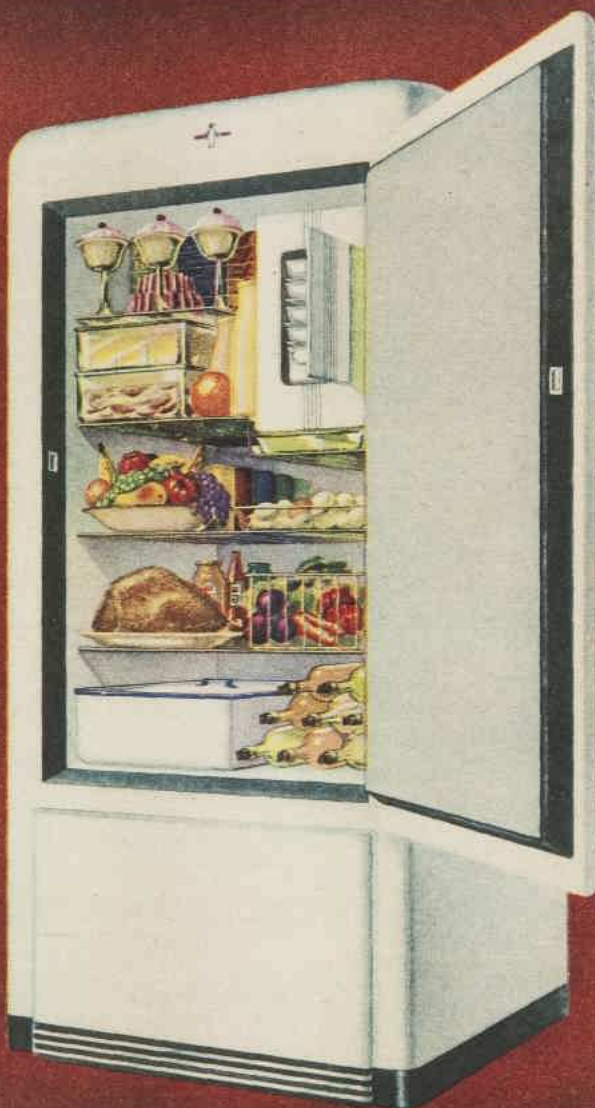
### **No moving parts to wear or cause noise**

... in a Gas Refrigerator, there is no machinery — just a small, simple Gas burner. Not a single moving part! That means really silent operation. A Gas Refrigerator is easiest to use, and easiest on the pocket.

3

### **Lots of ice-cream, delicious sweets and ice cubes**

Everyone enjoys ice-cream and sweets and your Gas Refrigerator will make them like magic — and keep them flavour-some and fresh! Gas Refrigeration is the most dependable, most economical form of food preservation.



★ **Insist on modern, trouble-free**

# **GAS** REFRIGERATION

The  
National Gas  
Association  
of Australia

GAS for the 4 BIG JOBS • Automatic COOKING • Silent REFRIGERATION • Instant HOT WATER • Healthful HEATING



# She's had three husbands—now she's got Gable



CLARK GABLE with Ria Langham, wife No. 2. They were divorced in 1938. She received property settlement of over £70,000. Wife No. 1 was dramatic coach Josephine Dillon.

## Lady Sylvia Ashley weds Clark at ranch ceremony

"GABLE'S GONE, GIRLS!"

This New York newspaper headline was the bombshell which came as first announcement to millions of feminine fans the world over that the movie king had made a leap into his fourth marriage.

With no fuss or preliminary publicity, 48-year-old greying Clark married slim, blonde Lady Sylvia Ashley of Solvang, California.

SYLVIA, who is the gay, laughing former wife of the late Douglas Fairbanks, senior, gave her age as 39, which is undoubtedly a feminine whim. For the 14-year-old marriage records showed she was 32 when she wed Douglas Fairbanks.

Clark, who's received more than 5000 proposals from women all over the world since the death of his third wife, Carole Lombard, arranged the licence and had the wedding at the luxurious ranch home of close friends outside Santa Barbara.

The wedding, which might have been as glamorous and as nerve-racking as a Hollywood premiere, was instead a simple country affair, attended by only a few close friends of the bride and groom.

The ceremony was conducted by a Danish Lutheran, Pastor Aage Moller, who was unable to get over the fact that he had been called to officiate at the marriage of two of Hollywood's most glamorous and most publicized citizens.

The bride wore a blue woollen dress, white collar and cuffs, with single large, rare orchid corsage. Clark wore a plain blue suit and a happy smile, which grew into an infectious grin as he kissed his bride after the ceremony in the ranch library.

The wedding breakfast of champagne and chicken sandwiches for a few friends of the newly married couple took place on the lawn.

At one stage the still nervous bride split champagne on her orchid corsage.

Gable smilingly wiped away the wine and said, "Never mind, darling, you'll get used to being Mrs. Clark Gable in no time."

Of course, Lady Sylvia is used to a handsome husband or two, so her marriage to Clark doesn't altogether amaze her. Shortly after her appearance as showgirl Sylvia Hawks on the London stage, she married the very handsome Lord Ashley.

That lasted until she met the late Douglas Fairbanks, sen., who was then married to Mary Pickford.



MARRIAGE between Gable and glamorous Carole Lombard was happy until her death in plane crash in 1942, while on war-bond-selling tour. Gable finished tour for her, then enlisted.

There were divorces all round and Sylvia became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks in 1936.

After Fairbanks' death in 1939 she remained unmarried until 1944, when she wed naval officer Lord Stanley of Alderley, whom she divorced in 1946.

A close friend who did not know anything about the wedding until he received an invitation said: "Anyway, Clark, how did this all happen? I didn't know you two were cooking up anything."

Before her handsome husband could reply, Sylvia cut in: "It's the most amazing thing. We were just

"Then, too," said the friend, "I am not surprised. Sylvia has all the charm and gaiety of Carole Lombard. She loves fun and she's always happy. They make an ideal pair. Clark looks like a 16-year-old boy."

Frustrated reporters who got the first hint of the wedding taking place raced out to the ranch just in time to find Clark and Sylvia leaving by car on their honeymoon.

In answer to repeated pleas of "Give us a break, Gable," and "Where are you two honeymooning?" high-spirited Gable scowled with mock ferocity and replied, "Just you find out!"

The honeymoon, like the wedding, had been kept secret until December 22, when it was reported Clark and Sylvia were leaving on the Larline for a honeymoon in romantic Honolulu.

Clark must return to Hollywood in January to complete "To Please a Lady," in which he stars.

Hollywood gossips, bendishly wide awake to any new romances—and old ones—were completely surprised by Gable's romantic duplicity.

Film columnists and Press agents who daily fill newspapers with hundreds of words about screen actors and actresses and their activities were left wildly beating the air for a story.

Most surprised people of all were Clark's numerous ex-divas.

From PETER HASTINGS,  
of our New York staff

friends over a long time. We used to go out together to night-clubs and on hunting trips. I began to fall in love with him, but nothing happened until yesterday, when we were talking casually, and Clark said: 'I've got the day off to-morrow. What do you say we get married?'

"Of course, I replied 'Yes' before he even had time to change his mind."

Another close friend said the romance developed over many months, and the pair were first attracted to each other because they had both lost a marriage partner they had deeply loved.



FILM STUDIO EXECUTIVE Anita Colby, blessed with both beauty and brains, charmed Gable for some months. No one knows why romance broke up.



CLARK GABLE and his bride, the former Lady Sylvia Ashley, at their wedding breakfast on a ranch near Santa Barbara, California.

After the tragic death of his third wife, glamorous screen queen Carole Lombard, in an aircrash in California in 1942, Gable retired to his beautiful ranch, "Encino," outside Hollywood, where he lived in semi-seclusion until he joined the Air Force. He was so affected by his wife's death that he left her rooms just as they had been before she went on the fatal flight.

Her clothes were still hanging in the clothes closet, and her monogrammed brushes, combs, and cosmetic containers were still lying at odd angles on her dressing-table, just as she'd left them.

After the war Gable's name was coupled with a score of beautiful Hollywood women, including Virginia Grey, often called "the most gorgeous blonde in town" and "the only woman ever to jilt Clark," and sultry brunette star Paulette Goddard.

When Virginia heard the news of

the surprise wedding, she gasped over the phone: "My God! Is it true? Well, I hope Clark finds happiness. After Carole's death he was really a lost soul for a long time."

"It's true I jilted him, but you know how it is. He was here to-night, gone to-morrow night. He would come home after three months' absence expecting me to wait for him. And I did wait for him, because I loved him, but one day I said 'No,' and kept on saying 'No'—that's the way it had to be."

Paulette Goddard was Hollywood's number one bet as the next Mrs. Gable over the past two years. But having ceased recently when Gable motored her to the airport, where she caught a plane for a personal appearance in Mexico City. As Paulette was boarding the plane she ran down the steps and said: "Will you kiss me?"

Replied Gable: "No!"

The sultry star smiled, waved her hand, and said: "Well, that's that—so long, sugar!"

As one columnist put it: "A lot of ladylike hopes had been blown sky-high."

Both Clark and Sylvia look forward to settling down in his Encino ranch.

Clark no longer lives in his Hollywood home, but prefers to live an outdoor life in the privacy of his ranch. An expert pilot, he flies down to Hollywood whenever he is making a film in the movie capital. The whole ranch is being renovated for the new Mrs. Gable, even—friends say—those rooms which once belonged to Carole Lombard.

But as Clark says: "This is a new life for Sylvia and me. I haven't been so happy for many years?"



ONE GIRL WHO SAID NO. Dolly O'Brien, New York socialite, who consistently rejected Clark's marriage proposals, here enjoys hilarious fest with him.



## NATIONAL HEALTH

**EVERYBODY** in Australia will watch with renewed hope the moves in Canberra towards a national health scheme.

The subsidy plan as outlined earlier should greatly improve facilities all round. It is to be hoped that it will eventually include some specific relief to the private patient from the crushing burden which an illness often imposes.

Modern medicine is expensive. The family doctor may call for X-rays, blood counts, pathological tests, and so on before he considers his job done.

There is obviously not room for everybody in the already overcrowded public hospitals where such services are free to those who need them. Many patients, anyway, cannot spare the time to wait their turn in the queues there.

But they must have help to meet the cost.

Few modern problems have proved so contentious as that of finding a satisfactory way of doing this.

The medical profession is keenly jealous of its independence. Governments will not hand out money without some say in its administration.

So far, in Australia, the result has been stalemate. Bread-winners are unhappily aware that they are paying the bills both ways—in taxes and in fees.

Surely, with goodwill and a spirit of compromise on both sides, an acceptable plan can be devised that will make the national health scheme a real help to all classes.

People will feel cheated if it isn't done—and soon.

# MARY SHELLEY: Tragic, crowded life

**I**N all the brilliant galaxy of English writers there are no more tragic figures than the "pair of star-cross'd lovers," Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

Now obscured by the bright genius of her poet-husband, Mary Shelley, the distinguished daughter of distinguished parents, was a novelist of note and, in her lifetime, a more popular writer than her husband.

She is best remembered to-day by her novel, "Frankenstein." This tale of a mechanical monster brought to life by a student of magic is one of the most powerful horror stories of all time.

Mary was not 17 when Shelley, then 20, first visited the home of her father, William Godwin, and her stepmother in the summer of 1814.

Shelley, who had published "Queen Mab," and was a rising young poet, came to worship at the shrine of Godwin, whose book "Political Justice" had had a great influence on his thought.

When he saw Mary, his first emotion was awe that this slight, fair-haired girl before him was the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, "the beautiful fighter for freedom" whose ideas had become the cornerstone of his philosophy. Quickly he became aware that Mary had inherited a keen intellect, and possessed beauty and a serene disposition.

But Shelley was already married to Harriet Westbrook, who was expecting their second child.

Mary promised her father that she would forbid Shelley to see her again. Apparently she intended to keep her word, but one day in July the distraught poet arrived at the Godwin home with a bottle of laudanum, and begged Mary to die with him.

Shelley and Mary then decided that only one course was open to them, and he went to see Harriet.

Whatever the wrongs and rights of the matter, Shelley's attitude to Harriet can be most charitably described as naive and optimistic.

He offered his wife an allowance of £200 a year, said freely that he intended to replace her with Mary, but was quite willing that she should live with them as his sister.

Shelley believed, after his interview with Harriet, that she would raise no objections to his alliance with Mary, and that she might at some time join the new household—though, naturally enough, she never did. At the time of his elopement, all the blame was laid on Shelley, and Mary was condemned as a callous siren.

But recent biographers have taken

## FAMOUS WOMEN

a more sympathetic view of Shelley's pleas that Harriet was no intellectual companion for him, and that their marriage was already finished when he met Mary.

As Mary was under age, it was feared that her father might force her to return home, so the lovers decided to flee to the Continent. For some odd reason, they invited Mary's step-sister, Claire Clairmont, to go with them.

On July 28 they set out to travel through Europe.

The story of this strange honeymoon-for-three, pieced together from the Shelleys' Journal, is a pathetic chronicle.

A donkey, which Shelley bought at Paris, was so weak that it had to be carried part of the journey, and later changed for another.

Then Shelley sprained his ankle and had to ride while the two women, uncomfortably dressed in long black frocks, tramped the dusty roads of France.

Their Journal often has only the entry "Both very ill," and a note of the reading which Shelley and Mary kept up with remarkable perseverance.

Finally in October the tour had to be abandoned.

There was no money left, Claire had begun to suffer frightening hallucinations, and Mary became ill.

Mary and Claire spent their first hours back in London sitting in a coach outside Harriet's house while Shelley persuaded his wife to lend him enough money to pay the coach-



MARY SHELLEY, wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

effort ("something very shocking") was debarré, but Mary kept at her task, and produced the outline of "Frankenstein."

At the end of August, Mary and Shelley decided to return to England because Claire had announced that she was expecting Byron's child.

The casualness of Byron's affair with Claire shocked Shelley and Mary. Although they expressed opposition to marriage as an institution, nevertheless they were sternly opposed to Byron's way of living.

In England, one disaster followed another.

On October 10, at Swansea, Fanny Imlay, Mary's half-sister, was found dead in a room with an empty bottle of laudanum and a pathetic note of farewell beside her. (Fanny was the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft by a lover, Captain Imlay.)

This unhappy affair was followed in December by the news that Harriet had been found drowned in the Serpentine.

On December 30, "the event," as Mary called her marriage in her Journal, took place at St. Mildred's, Broad Street, London.

The Westbrook family contested Shelley's claim for custody of his children, Charles and Ianthe, and, to the grief of both Shelley and Mary, won their suit.

Although Shelley was then gaining more recognition, and Mary had placed "Frankenstein" with a publisher, the Shelleys decided that happiness was not to be found in England, and at the beginning of 1818 went into exile again.

Shelley's first task in Italy was to try to get Byron to support his daughter, Allegra, but Byron was prepared to do this only if Claire surrendered the child to him.

This Claire reluctantly consented to do.

Within a few months of each other, Mary's daughter, Clara, and "Little Willmouse" died, and the household was childless.

Mary's grief was extreme and she became sunk in melancholy.

At this time she was only 24, but

could echo her husband's words: "If I die now, I have lived to be older than my father. I am 90 years of age."

On November 12, 1819, a son, Percy Florence, was born. He was a healthy and lively child, and lightened the gloom of the house.

Mary began writing again, embarking on a novel of Italy in the Middle Ages, "Cenci."

The Shelley household moved from place to place in Italy, finally coming to rest at Pisa.

They led a more sociable life here, and were the centre of an English literary colony which Edward Trelawny, English sailor and adventurer, who later accompanied Byron to Greece, christened the "Pisa circle."

It was at Pisa that Shelley met Emilia Viviani, who was the inspiration of his romantic poem, "Epipsychidion." This young Italian, thrust into a convent by a jealous mother, won the sympathy of both the Shelleys.

Shelley by now was completely disillusioned with Byron and despised the life he led. However, for Claire's sake he went to Ravenna to see if Byron would return Allegra, who had been placed in a convent, to her mother.

Byron told Shelley that the story was being freely circulated that Allegra was really Shelley's child.

In deep distress, Shelley sent this news to his wife. She replied: "Our barque is indeed 'tempest-tost,' but love me as you have ever done, and God preserve my child to me, and our enemies shall not be too much for us."

However, before anything could be done to refute Byron's slander, the unfortunate child, Allegra, contracted typhus and died.

Shelley had always loved the sea, and Byron and he bought a boat, which Byron christened Don Juan.

The Shelleys said it was wrong for a boat to have a masculine name, and suggested Ariel, from their favorite Shakespearean play, "The Tempest."

Apparently the discussion was carried on for some days, and then Byron, in a fit of pique, had "Don Juan" painted on the mainsail.

Then, as Shelley still objected to the name, they spent several days trying to remove the letters, and a new sheet of canvas was put in.

"Lord and poet as he is," said Mary, "he could not be allowed to make a coal-barge of our boat."

However, in the Journal the boat is always referred to as Don Juan.

Continued on page 22

## Runaway match with poet ended in widowhood at 25

man and take lodgings.

On December 6 Harriet gave birth to a daughter, Ianthe, and the following February Mary's child was born prematurely and survived only 10 days.

For a time the Shelleys settled down to a quiet life at Bath. There was no reconciliation with William Godwin, and Shelley was entirely cut off from his family.

On January 24, 1816, their son, William, "Little Willmouse," was born, and the following May, taking Claire with them, they went abroad again.

At Geneva Shelley had his first meeting with Lord Byron.

One evening, Byron, his physician, Dr. Polidori, Percy, and Mary read an old book of German ghost stories. "We will each write a ghost story," declared Byron.

They set to work. Byron produced part of a tale that was afterwards incorporated in "Mazeppa"; Shelley began, but did not complete, an episode from his early life; Polidori's

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY GUS





**THREE PRETTY SISTERS.** Mrs. Richard Wyant-Byrne (left), Joanne Maguire, and Annette Maguire at Joanne's twenty-first birthday dance at Florida House, given by her parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. F. Maguire, of Ashfield, in her honor. Mrs. Wyant-Byrne was Terry Maguire before marriage.



**SUMMER MEETING.** Young folk Noelene Waugh and John Vandenberg attend Summer Meeting at Randwick, and try their luck on first race. Noelene catches the eye in cool lilac frock worn with white flower-trimmed hat, white accessories, straw handbag.



**LUNCHING AT ROMANO'S.** Newly engaged couple, Barbara Fraser, daughter of the W. J. Frasers, of Eulo, Dartington Point, and her fiance, Jim Litchfield, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Litchfield, of Cooma.



**DOCTOR WEDS.** Dr. and Mrs. John Tyrer marry at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Bride formerly Miss Morris, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Morris, of Bellevue Hill. John is only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Tyrer, of Bondi. Honeymoon at Canberra.



**WED AT ST. STEPHEN'S.** Peter Rackheft and his bride, formerly Val Deane, leave St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, for reception at Ranclog, Woollahra. Val is only daughter of late Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Deane, and Peter is only son of Rev. Robert Rackheft and of Mrs. Rackheft, of Rose Bay.

## Intimate Gossipings

**FIRST** visit to Australia for nearly ten years for Mrs. Richard Jamison Williams, formerly Betty Culpan. Betty and her husband arrived by B.C.P.A. on Christmas Eve and are greeted by Betty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Culpan, and her sister, Pat.

Happy Christmas is spent with the family, who have lots of news to exchange, and, of course, gossip about Betty and Richard's three young sons, Ricky, Tod, and Ken, who have been left behind with their grandparents in Detroit.

On way to Australia Betty and her husband spent some time at Honolulu, where they were married. They plan before returning to America in a few weeks' time to visit Melbourne, Adelaide, and New Zealand. First call other than the family was to Joyce Curran and her husband, Dick, and daughter, Pam Vickery.

**THRILL** for Mrs. H. Odillo Maher when she talks with her daughter, Terry (Mrs. John Swinford Bostock), in London and hears first-hand news of her grandchild, a son, born at Queen Mary's Hospital, London, on December 16. Terry's husband, Lieut. Bostock, R.N., is at present in Singapore.

**Celebration** of their engagement at Romano's for Pauline Henneck, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Henneck, of Bonnington, Kingsvale, near Young, and John Bateman, John is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Bateman, of Springbrook, Bega.



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** John Rolhe and his bride, formerly Joan Studdy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Studdy, of Gunnedah. John is son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rolhe, of Woollahra. Couple, who were married at St. Mark's, make home in Fiji.



**YOUNG THEATREGOERS.** Attractive Naomi Landa is aquired to Tivoli Theatre by Bruce Rosenberg during holiday festivities. Naomi's pale yellow evening frock made contrast with her suntan and short, dark hair.



**PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER MARRIES.** Mrs. Henry Horn leaves St. Mark's, Darling Point, with her husband after their marriage. Bride, formerly Beris Arnott, elder daughter of Professor and Mrs. A. J. Arnott, Point Piper. Henry is son of Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Horn, Double Bay.

**TRIP** to America to visit her daughter, Mrs. Alan Tully, and grandson, Charles Kingsford Smith, planned by Mrs. Arthur Powell in autumn. The Tullys leave Dallas, Texas, shortly, to make their home in Chicago, where Charles, now 17, begins university agricultural engineering course. Mrs. Powell is also looking forward to seeing her granddaughter, Judith Paterson, in New York.

**ALL** sorts of greetings find their way to my mail basket this festive season, but card from Patricia Minchin and Chuck Kades brings most interesting news. Card, which wishes me a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, has picture of newlyweds driving away in car with notice "just married" on mudguard. Message inside tells me Pat and Chuck were married in the Parish of St. Marguerite, Province of Quebec, Canada, and that their homecoming will be on January 1 at the Colony House, Riverdale, New York.

**INTERESTING** wedding takes place at Christ Church St. Laurence when Bishop of Tasmania, Rt. Rev. G. F. Cranswick, flies to Sydney to perform ceremony for Maidsa Williams and Rev. Frank Coaldrake. Maidsa has been Youth Organiser for the Diocese of Tasmania for four years, and she and her husband expect to go to Odawara, Japan, where the Rev. Coaldrake has been stationed.

**ATTRACTIVE** twins Jay and Kay Robinson, from Marrington, Dubbo, and their brothers, Roger and David, are among those enjoying the sunshine and sea breezes at Terrigal. Also pretty sisters Bonty and Jill Stephens, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Stephens. Family party for Mick and Sue Fairfax, of Tarnuk, Merriwa, who will have the three young Misses Fairfax to keep amused and entertained. Their names are Dymphna, Diana, and Prudence.

**ALL** plans made by Jill Phillips and Mac Rogers, of Brenand, Willow Tree, for their marriage. Couple, who recently announced engagement, choose February 9 for their wedding date, and ceremony will take place at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Jill's twin sister, Beth, will be bridesmaid, and John Gilchrist will be best man. Couple will make their home at Brenand after marriage.

**ENGAGEMENT** of city and country interest is that of Beth Phillips and Frank Doyle. Beth is twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Phillips, of Woollahra, and formerly of Muswellbrook. Frank is youngest son of Mrs. Doyle, of Bundabilla, Muswellbrook, and the late Mr. Doyle. Frank is member of the Muswellbrook polo team.

**NO** doubt about these country folk and their parties. Country matrons, Mesdames C. Anderson, J. Burtinshaw, M. Bolger, E. Burkiitt, J. Crichton, D. Davidson, E. Marina, H. McFarlane, C. Robertson, G. Shannon, R. Tout, entertain all their friends in district to "see the old year out at 'Burwang,'" the home of the C. Robertsons.

**NEWS** on the baby front. Clifford and Jessie Parkinson, of Muswellbrook, thrilled with their second child—a baby daughter. Andrew and Peggy Taylor, of "Escott," Quindini, are receiving congratulations on birth of their first baby, a daughter. Peg was formerly Peggy Wilkie, of Sydney.

**ANOTHER** young country couple, Charles and Nan Spicer, of Camyr Allyn, Scone, are receiving congratulations on the arrival of their first baby, a daughter, for whom they have chosen the name, Victoria Ann. Baby's mother was formerly Nan Stevenson, of Stratheden, Tamworth.



**I SAID** ironically, "Was engaging Laurence Brown as tutor another of your grandfather's successes?"

Sophia frowned. "Do you know, I'm not sure that it wasn't. He wanted to keep Brenda happy and amused. He may have thought that jewels and clothes weren't enough. He may have thought she wanted a mild romance in her life. He may have calculated that someone like Laurence Brown would just do the trick."

"Well," I said, "I don't see what a woman would see in a man like that."

"Don't you, Charles? Actually Laurence has a lot of sex appeal."

"A wackling like that?" I said incredulously.

"Why do men always think that a caveman must necessarily be the only type of person attractive to the opposite sex? Laurence has sex appeal all right—but I wouldn't expect you to be aware of it." She looked at me. "Brenda got her hooks into you all right."

"Don't be absurd. She's not even really good-looking. She certainly didn't—"

"Display allure? No, she just made you sorry for her. She's not actually beautiful, she's not in the least clever—but she's got one very outstanding characteristic. She can make trouble. She's made trouble, already, between you and me."

"Sophia!" I cried aghast.

Sophia went to the door. "Forget it, Charles. I must get on with lunch."

"I'll come and help."

"No, you stay here. It will rattle Nannie to have 'a gentleman in the kitchen'."

Sophia went out. I sank down in one of the large brocade chairs and gave myself up to speculation.

Upstairs I had seen Brenda's side of it. Here and now I had been shown Sophia's side of it. I realised completely the justice of Sophia's point of view—what might be called the Leonides family's point of view.

They resented a stranger within the gates who had obtained admission by what they regarded as ignoble means. They were entirely

within their rights. As Sophia had said, on paper it wouldn't look well. But there was the human side of it—the side that I saw and that they didn't. They were, they always had been, rich and well-established. They had no conception of the temptations of the underdog.

Brenda Leonides had wanted wealth, and pretty things and safety—and a home. She had claimed that in exchange she had made her old husband happy. I had sympathy with her. Certainly, while I was talking with her, I had had sympathy for her. Had I as much now?

Two sides of the question—different angles of vision—which was the true angle... the true angle...

I had slept very little the night before. I had been up early to accompany Taverner. Now, in the warm, flower-scented atmosphere of Magda Leonides' drawing-room, my body relaxed in the cushioned embrace of the big chair, and my eyelids dropped. I slept...

I returned to consciousness as gradually that I didn't at first realise that I had been asleep. The scent of flowers was in my nose. In front of me a round white blob appeared to float in space.

It was some few seconds before I realised that it was a human face. I was looking at—a face suspended in the air about a foot or two away from me.

As my faculties returned, my vision became more precise. The face still had its goblin suggestion—it was round with black hair done in plaits, and black eyes. But it was definitely attached to a body—a small body. It was regarding me earnestly.

"Hallo," it said.

"Hallo," I replied, blinking.

"I'm Josephine."

I had already deduced that, Sophia's sister Josephine was, I judged, about eleven, or twelve years of age. She bore a very distinct likeness to her grandfather. It seemed to me possible that she also had his brains.

"You're Sophia's young man," said Josephine.

I acknowledged this.

## Crooked House

Continued from page 5

"But you came down here with Chief-Inspector Taverner. Why did you come with him?"

"He's a friend of mine."

"Is he? I don't like him. I shan't tell him things."

"What sort of things?"

"The things that I know. I know a lot of things. I like knowing things."

She sat down on the arm of the chair and continued her searching scrutiny of my face. I began to feel quite uncomfortable.

"Grandfather's been murdered. Did you know?"

"Yes," I said. "I knew."

"He was poisoned. With essence." She pronounced the word very carefully. "It's interesting, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is."

"Eustace and I are very interested. We like detective stories. I've always wanted to be a detective. I'm being one now. I'm collecting clues."

She was, I felt, rather a ghoulish child.

She returned to the charge.

"The man who came with Chief-Inspector Taverner is a detective, too, isn't he? In books it says you can always know plain-clothes detectives by their boots. But this detective was wearing suede shoes."

"THE old order changeth," I said. Josephine interpreted this remark according to her own ideas.

"Yes," she said, "there will be a lot of changes here now, I expect. We shall go and live in London. Mother has wanted to for a long time. She'll be pleased. I don't expect father will mind, if his books go, too. He couldn't afford it before. He lost an awful lot of money over Jezbel."

"Jezbel?" I queried.

"Yes, didn't you see it?"

"Oh, it was a play. No, I didn't. I've been abroad."

"It didn't run very long. Actually it was the most awful flop. I don't think mother's really the type to play Jezbel, do you?"

I balanced my impressions of Magda. In neither of her appearances had she conveyed any suggestion of Jezbel, but I was willing to believe that there were other Magdas that I had not yet seen.

"Perhaps not," I said cautiously. "Grandfather always said it would be a flop. He said he wouldn't put up any money for one of these historical religious plays. He said it would never be a box-office success. But mother was frightfully keen. I didn't like it much myself. It wasn't really a bit like the story in the Bible. I mean, Jezbel wasn't wicked like she is in the Bible. She was all patriotic and really quite nice. That made it dull."

I made no comment, and Josephine went on: "Still, the end was all right. They threw her out the window. Only no dogs came and ate her. I think that was a pity, don't you? I like the part about the dogs eating her best."

She quoted with gusto: "And they ate her all but the palms of her hands." Why didn't they eat the palms of her hands?

"I've no idea," I said lamely.

"They did a post-mortem on grandfather," said Josephine. "To find out what he had died of. A P.M., they call it, but I think that's rather confusing, don't you? Because P.M. stands for Prime Minister, too. And for afternoon," she added thoughtfully.

"Are you sorry your grandfather is dead?" I asked.

"Not particularly. I didn't like him much. He stopped me learning to be a ballet dancer."

"Did you want to learn ballet dancing?"

"Yes, and Mother was willing for me to learn, and Father didn't mind, but Grandfather said I'd be no good." She frowned, then asked, "Do you like this house?"

"I'm not quite sure," I said.

"I suppose it will be sold now. Unless Brenda goes on living in it. And I suppose Uncle Roger and Aunt Clemency won't go away now."

"Were they going away?" I asked with a faint stirring of interest.

**F**OR a moment, Josephine studied me critically, then said, "Yes. They were going on Tuesday. Abroad, somewhere."

"I hadn't heard," I said.

"No," said Josephine. "Nobody knew. It was a secret. They weren't going to tell anyone until after they'd gone. They were going to leave a note behind for grandfather."

"Josephine," I asked, "do you know why your Uncle Roger was—going away?"

She shot me a sideways glance. "I think I do. It was something to do with Uncle Roger's office in London. I think—but I'm not sure—that he'd embezzled something."

"What makes you think that?"

Josephine came nearer.

"The day that grandfather was poisoned Uncle Roger was shut up in his room with him ever so long. They were talking and talking. And Uncle Roger was saying that he'd never been any good, and that he'd let grandfather down—and that it wasn't the money so much—it was the feeling he'd been unworthy of trust. He was in an awful state."

I looked at Josephine.

"Josephine," I said, "hasn't anybody ever told you that it's not nice to listen at doors?"

Josephine nodded her head vigorously. "Of course they have. But if you want to find things out, you have to listen at doors. I bet Chief-Inspector Taverner does, don't you?"

While I considered that point, Josephine went on vehemently: "And anyway, if he doesn't, the other one does—the one with the suede shoes. And they look in people's desks and read all their letters, and find out all their secrets. Only they're stupid. They don't know where to look!"

Josephine spoke with cold superiority. I was stupid enough to let the inference escape me.

"Eustace and I know lots of things," she went on, "but I know more than Eustace does. And I shan't tell him. He says women can't ever be great detectives. But I say they can. I'm going to write down everything in a notebook and then, when the police are completely baffled, I shall come forward and say, 'I can tell you who did it.'"

Please turn to page 27

## HYENA'S TOOTH CHARMS AWAY TOOTHACHE!

ANCIENT EGYPTIANS WORE A HYENA'S TOOTH SET IN PRECIOUS STONES AS A CHARM AGAINST TOOTHACHE. TODAY, ONLY KOLYNOS FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY THESE THREE WAYS:

1. KOLYNOS NEUTRALIZES MOUTH ACIDS
2. KOLYNOS KILLS THE BACTERIA (ENZYMES) WHICH PRODUCE THESE ACIDS
3. KOLYNOS BUBBLES LEAVE TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

**DO YOU KNOW?**

**Your Tongue never forgets!**

SCIENTISTS SAY YOUR TONGUE NEVER FORGETS A TASTE. YOU'LL LOVE THE COOL MINTY FLAVOUR OF KOLYNOS. IT GIVES YOUR MOUTH A REFRESHED FEELING WHICH LASTS AND LASTS.

**Dinah Shore—KOLYNOS FAN!**

DINAH SHORE—FEATURED ARTIST ON COLUMBIA RECORDS ALWAYS USES KOLYNOS

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**

## PRAYERS WHILE CLEANING TEETH!

MOHAMMEDANS RUBBED THEIR TEETH WITH THE TWIG OF A FIG TREE WHILE ADDRESSING THEIR PRAYERS TO THE SUN. TODAY, ALL YOU NEED IS KOLYNOS AND A MODERN TOOTHBRUSH. KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR TEETH SPARKLING WITH NEW BEAUTY...YOUR BREATH SWEET AND FRESH.

**SAVE TEETH—SAVE MONEY**

KOLYNOS GUARDS AGAINST DENTAL DECAY AND CUTS YOUR TOOTHPASTE BILL IN HALF. YOU NEED ONLY HALF-AN-INCH OF KOLYNOS ON A DRY BRUSH.

**CLEANS BETTER • TASTES BETTER • LASTS LONGER**





"Mind if I don't play up to you? A cold makes me feel so apathetic."

## It seems to me . . .

A NEW Government in office, apart from any other changes, advantages, or disadvantages according to political viewpoint, will provide a new interest in the Parliamentary broadcasts.

The change in the cast, with the leading roles in the hands of the former small-part players, will be especially diverting at question time.

I'm dying to learn whether the Menzies Cabinet will ever admit to reading the newspapers.

In the former Parliament the many questions which began: "Has the Minister seen the report in the 'Daily Banner'?" were invariably answered by a statement beginning: "In reply to the Honorable Member for Back o' Beyond, I have not seen the report referred to . . ."

This answer was standard even when the subject matter had been splashed across the front pages of the Press of the Commonwealth.

As the new Ministers, while in Opposition, appeared to read the newspapers avidly, they can hardly change their habits now. Whether the present Opposition deigns to look for ammunition in the daily Press remains to be seen, but I rather think they will.



Dorothy Drain

By

WITH the January sales about to unleash another shopping spree, it is pleasing to recall what the secretary of the Shop Assistants' Union told the Full Bench of the Industrial Commission recently.

He said that the public had been more considerate during this Christmas shopping season than in former years. "We have had only one case in which a customer has slapped an assistant's face," he remarked.

Only one! Did customers, in former years, slap assistants' faces frequently?

I have seen plenty of rudeness on both sides of the counter, but have never noted actual violence, perhaps because the rudeness seldom coincides.

What happens is that a salesgirl, exasperated beyond endurance by some overbearing old trout, takes it out on a meek, inoffensive creature; or a customer, having been snapped at by the button-counter lady, suddenly bites the head off the obliging old gentleman in the Manchester.

This may not be fair, but, on the whole, it's safer.

THE Public Utilities Committee in Washington has ruled that radio broadcasts and advertising in public transports are not a violation of privacy. Supporters contended that music soothed the passengers and created a friendly atmosphere.

"Music soothes the passenger."  
(What say? Sorry, cannot hear.)  
"Such a friendly atmosphere."  
(Scream a little louder, dear.)  
"Makes the journey not so drear."  
(Never mind, we'll soon be there.)

SIMPLY nothing stays the same. One should, of course, try to accustom oneself to the sweeping away of tradition, the variation in habits of living—but some things are quite a shock.

I refer to a new kind of billy for picnics, now widely advertised, and before long, I think, to be a feature of every picnic-ground in the country.

What, children, was a billy? A billy, as everyone used to know, was a cylindrical tin container with a wire handle, rusted and blackened.

It was carried by jolly swagmen, and people sat round it till it boiled.

But now comes a billy which appears to work on the principle of a chip-heater. It needs only a few twigs—in more scouring the bush for logs and the beach for spars of ships.

Anybody, it seems, can work this thing. People like myself, long renowned in small circles as great wood-gatherers and fire-lighters, are to be robbed of their brief week-end glory.

It works so fast that there's no time for sitting round telling yarns while it boils. Henry Lawson and his mates would have to cut their yarns down to Bob Hope wisecracks if they wanted a hearing.

Oh well, no use living in the past. We must keep up with the times. All up-to-date swagmen will soon be carrying zippered overnight bags.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 7, 1950

She's young  
and clever



Not yet twenty-one, this young lady has already developed a good business sense. She proves it by doing a good job and by the way she handles the money she earns. Every pay-day, her employer pays her salary into her current account with the Bank of New South Wales. She makes all payments by cheque. . . . . A personal cheque account at the "Wales" gives the modern young business woman a feeling of independence and helps her to keep a check on income and expenditure. It also puts her in touch with a knowledgeable Bank Manager to whom she can turn for friendly advice on financial matters. You, too, should consult and use the

**BANK OF  
NEW SOUTH WALES**

FIRST BANK IN AUSTRALIA

Incorporated in New South Wales with limited liability

AM180

THIS is the time when you can discern the capable women from the muddlers, when you have ample opportunity for judging a woman's adaptability, resource, memory, and judgment.

The place where these qualities may be observed—if you can get close enough without getting your clothes ripped—is the remnant counter.

Remnants fascinate practically every woman. But oh, what a lightning brain it takes to forage among them with useful results.

That sort of brain, which can throw preconceived notions of a blouse to the winds and pounce on a length for next summer's pedal pushers; which can instantaneously work out whether 2½ yds. for 19/2 is a bargain when what you want is 2½ yds. for 7/11 per yard is the kind of brain which in another sphere could build an industrial empire.

LAST year was Britain's worst peace-time year for fire. Insurance experts in London, puzzled at the number of fires and the strange speed of the flames, say that apart from accident and arson there is some mysterious "third factor."

If you hankered for the eerie and you wondered where to go,

You wouldn't think of calling on a staid insurance co., for they deal in facts and figures and their risks are never guessed.

But by careful computation to the last degree assessed. If you talked of ghosts or goblins or of gremlins' spooky wiles,

The company's executives, with deprecating smiles, Would say, "Dear madam, kindly read our annual report; You'll see that we allow for simply nothing of the sort."

So, confronted by a mystery, and filled with fears and dread,

They studied their statistics, shook their actuarial heads. To call it "supernatural!" Oh, what a laugh 'twould raise!

"Third factor" they decided was the apt insurance phrase.



A Bright and Healthy  
Home in every tin

**FISHER'S  
Polishing WAX**

For dark woods ask for FISHER'S DARK STAIN (WAXTANE)



There is a reason  
why you should look  
for this label



## When buying a TELESCOPIC SWIM SUIT



Every garment so labelled  
features the unique spiral  
elastic shirring, elimin-  
ating unsightly seams,  
breakages, uneven  
tensions.

LOOK FOR  
THE LABEL

Martin - White  
"Telescopic" Swim  
Suit is the GENU-  
INE & ORIGINAL  
patented garment.  
Every suit is guar-  
anteed.

Obtainable at all Leading Stores

Manufacturers in Australia:  
H. & W. H. STIMINGTON & CO. (AUS.) PTY. LTD.,  
Howard Street, West Melbourne.  
Makers of the famous  
LIBERTY and NUMACK Foundation Garments.

## SLEEPLESS, NERVY

Now sleeps and eats well,  
thanks to Bidomak

"I have been suffering from insomnia,  
loss of appetite, and nerves - a  
complete breakdown appeared immin-  
ent. I was persuaded to try Bidomak  
and, after six weeks' treatment, I  
sleep soundly and eat well."

(Sgd.) Mrs. E.L. N. Perth, W.A.

If you are nervy, tired out,  
and suffer the mental torture  
of exhausting, sleepless nights,  
your trouble may be caused  
by lack of vital minerals  
in your nerve tissues and  
bloodstream.

Take Bidomak, the tonic  
of the Century, and you'll be  
amazed how quickly you re-  
gain youthful energy and  
health. That's because  
Bidomak gives you rich, red  
tissue-building blood, charged  
with the vital minerals your  
system needs.

Soon your nerves are calmed  
and strengthened, appetite and

vigour return, you sleep re-  
freshingly at night.

**Benefit guaranteed or Money  
Back!**

Try pleasant-to-take Bidomak  
for 14 days—if you do not  
feel stronger, more vitally  
alive, and show a general all-  
round improvement in your  
health, your money is re-  
funded on return of the  
nearly-empty bottle to the  
Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn  
Street, Sydney.

Bidomak provides these extra minerals—  
Iron, Manganese, Copper for the blood—Calcium  
to the teeth, blood, bones, nerves—Phosphorus to  
strengthen the brain—Potassium and Sodium for  
muscles and a healthy bloodstream.

The Tonic of the Century

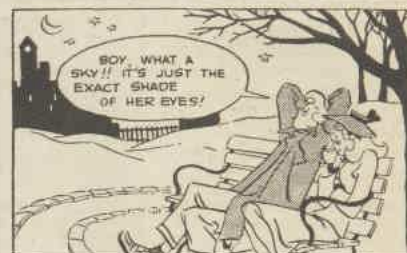
# Bidomak

"FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING"

## TEENA



By  
HILDA TERRY  
Over-  
worked



## MARY SHELLEY...

Continued from page 18

ON July 1, 1822, Shelley, with  
Edward Williams and a sailor-  
boy, Charles Vivian, left  
Spezzia, where they were now living,  
to go to Leghorn to welcome the  
Leigh Hunt family from England.

When the time came for Shelley  
to go, Mary grew hysterical and  
begged him not to leave her. Shel-  
ley himself in the preceding weeks  
had had a series of dreadful night-  
mares.

The boat was due back on Mon-  
day, July 8, but nothing was heard  
until Friday when a letter for Shel-  
ley from Leigh Hunt arrived.

In her anxiety, Mary tore it open.  
She and Jane Williams read:  
"Pray write to us how you got home,  
for they say that you had had weather  
after you sailed on Monday, and  
we are anxious."

"Then it is all over?" cried Jane.  
The two women went as quickly  
as they could to Pisa, but neither  
Lord Byron nor Leigh Hunt had  
had any word of the travellers.

Desperately anxious, Mary and  
Jane pressed on to Leghorn, where  
Trelawny comforted them a little  
by saying that the Don Juan had  
probably been blown off-course.

But, on July 15, three bodies were  
found washed up on the coast, and  
were identified as the crew of the  
Don Juan. Shelley had a volume  
of Sophocles in one pocket of his  
coat, and the poetry of Keats in  
the other.

Mary wished Shelley's remains to  
be taken to the Protestant cemetery  
in Rome to be buried alongside  
William's grave.

According to Italian quarantine  
law, it was necessary that the body  
should be first burned.

Trelawny prepared a funeral  
pyre, and on the lonely shore Shel-  
ley's body was cremated. As the  
flames leapt up, Trelawny put in  
his hand and tore the heart of the  
poet from the fire.

For Mary, it seemed that all that  
made life worth living had gone.  
She wrote: "All that might have been  
bright in my life is now despoiled.  
I shall live to improve myself,  
to take care of my child, and render  
myself worthy to join him."

In her Journal, she sometimes  
poured out her bitter loneliness and  
intense grief, but among even her  
closest friends she was composed  
and calm.

Resolutely she returned to Lon-  
don to earn her own living by writ-  
ing, rather than surrender her son  
to the Shelley family.

It was in these times that Mary  
Shelley, her character tempered by  
suffering and loss, reached full  
stature as a woman.

She published two more novels,  
"Valperga" and "The Last Man,"  
and "Frankenstein" was staged at  
the English Opera House.

Determinedly, she mixed in Lon-  
don literary circles, becoming  
friendly with the Lambes, Coleridge,  
Hazlitt, and Washington Irving. She  
was much more popular than her  
open-hearted but over-emotional hus-  
band had been.

THE most important book on  
Mary Shelley is her Jour-  
nal, edited by Frederick  
Jones. Her biographer is R.  
Glynis Grylls, and most biog-  
raphers of her husband contain  
material about her life, notably  
those of Edmund Blunden and  
Newman Levy White.

At this time, Mary, who was after  
all only 25 when widowed, was more  
beautiful than in her life before.  
She wondered if she should marry  
again, as Jane Williams had done,  
but could not bring herself to take  
the step.

She could not let another take the  
poet's place.

During these long years, her son,  
Percy Florence, was a great consolation  
to Mary.

Her son seemed to retain all the  
sweetness of nature of Percy Bysshe,  
and his lively interest in the world  
around him, without the difficult  
personality that went with the poet's  
genius.

In her last years, Mary achieved  
a peace and happiness with her son  
and daughter-in-law that she had  
not dreamed could ever be hers.

In 1850 she could truthfully write  
to Augusta, Trelawny's wife, "I hope  
the sun is shining on you as cheer-  
fully as it does on me."

During the paralysis that accom-  
panied her last illness her thoughts  
were all for her friends.

On February 1, 1851, she said  
softly, "We are quite ready. Well,  
'tis very well," and died.



# ANACIN STOPS PAIN FASTER



because it's  
like a  
doctor's  
prescription

Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription for headaches, toothaches, neuralgia, colds, influenza, periodical pains, sciatica, lumbago and muscular aches and pains.

Like a doctor's prescription, Anacin Tablets contain not one, but a combination of four medically proven active ingredients. These ingredients combine to bring faster, longer lasting relief—while doing away with any undesirable after-effects. Get Anacin today and notice the difference.



ANACIN TABLETS  
STOP PAIN FASTER



## LASTING PROTECTION

Just one application of liquid ODO-RO-NO protects you from underarm perspiration for 3 to 5 days.

ODO-RO-NO stops perspiration and its odor. ODO-RO-NO does not irritate the skin. ODO-RO-NO does not stain.

TWO KINDS

ODO-RO-NO: REGULAR for lasting protection and INSTANT for sensitive skin. Use

ODO-RO-NO  
THE ORIGINAL LIQUID DEODORANT

A.O. 94

3,000  
Chemists

throughout Australia  
SAY

GILSEAL  
DYES

are the best dyes.  
Ask your Chemist—  
his skilled advice is

FREE

# WORTH Reporting

**WINNERS** of the Australasian Amateur Dance Championship, Miss Bobbie Roberts and Mr. Laurie Anderson, of Sydney, have been partners in contests for years, but never talk to each other while they dance.

Bobbie works at a hairdresser's during the day, practises dancing for three hours every night, four hours on Saturday, and five on Sunday.

"For contests I like a full-skirted evening dress," she said. "And I'm very particular about my dancing shoes. The ones I wore in the championship were high heeled, but were closed in. Slingback heels and toe-peepers don't give enough support. I used very light pancake make-up to match my frock."

Laurie wore plain evening clothes, with nothing on the lapel. "A white handkerchief and flower look overdressed," he explained. He doesn't wear gloves, although Bobbie wishes he would.

A boatbuilder by trade, Laurie first met Bobbie at the same dance studio. "The teacher told me I'd never learn how to dance," he said.

For months before contests the pair do little but work, practise, and rest. Both non-smokers, they like a glass of beer occasionally, but give it up for three months before a competition, as they find it makes them short-winded.

Winners of 24 championships in N.S.W., they have also carried off the Australian Championship and three Australasian contests.

Their homes are cluttered up with silver cups. "The lounge-room at home looks like a jeweller's shop," laughed Bobbie. "My mother cleans them, and, believe me, it takes some time!"

## Winner turns out to be loser

IT'S a long time ago since Septimus Winner wrote "Listen to the Mocking Bird"—in fact, 78 years. It was regarded as just another song until 1920, when Alma Gluck and Louise Homer recorded it as a duet. It sold 3,000,000 copies.

At the beginning of the war Mary Martin made a recording that temporarily revived its popularity. Now "Listen to the Mocking Bird," renamed "Whispering Hope," has been recorded by one of America's top song teams—Jo Stafford and Gordon Macrae—and it looks like really coming into its own at last.

But too late for the composer. He died in 1902, and sold his rights to "Listen to the Mocking Bird" for £1.



"This is mighty considerate of you, Mr. Spaworth. My feet were killing me."



"This will be my first attempt—so perhaps I should try one that hasn't been ridden before."

A MELBOURNE woman traveller to England has gone off well armed against Britain's soap shortage. She made filling for her decorative travelling cushions from packets and packets of soap flakes.

## The red-headed Smiths worked calmly

TO most people the elections are over and dead once the results are published. But not so to Miss Christina Smith and her friend, Miss Monica Cogan.

For another month they will be putting finishing touches to the job they were doing with adding machines, telephones, and telegrams behind the scenes of the Sydney G.P.O. tally room on the night of December 10.

Miss Smith holds the record of having worked for the Commonwealth Electoral Office for 20 years. Miss Cogan has been there for nine years.

Come what may, they work steadily ahead, letting nothing worry them. "The main thing is to ignore everything but the job on hand and just close your ears to distractions," they told us.

Miss Christina's sister, Miss Nell, the only woman working with a team of men chalking up results in the tally room, impressed us for the way she kept up the family tradition of calm.

We asked her how she did it, and how she always managed to make such elegant sixes and eights.

"Elections are only a sideline with me," she explained. "I'm a ticket writer and commercial artist by trade. I have no time to study results, what I write are just figures."

Her numbering, we learned, was done according to ticket-writing methods. "An ordinary person would have written eight in one go," Miss Smith said. "I drew two circles. My nines and sixes had little curving tails, shaped like half eggs."

During the night she used up several sticks of chalk.

Though holding herself strictly aloof from the excitement and concentrating only on her figures, Miss Nell Smith, too, has her share of the family claim to fame. She was the first woman taken on for tally room work during the war years when help was short.

Unlike her sister, her work was finished when the last result was chalked up. But to make up for it, she began painting all the tally room blackboards with divisions, candidates' names, and States more than a week before the elections.

## Cabin has caravan's comfort, plus

THOSE with ambitions to build themselves a cabin among the gumtrees will be interested in the 18 x 14 one built by Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Henderson at Healesville, Victoria.

"We have concentrated on maximum convenience at minimum cost," Mrs. Henderson says. "Our idea was to try to emulate the compactness of a caravan, but to give more elbow room and eliminate the rather irritating business of taking the bed to pieces before putting up the dinner table."

The cabin's outer walls look like logs, but are really of offcuts from the mills, lined with a reinforced paper hard against the flat side of the boards, with the uprights—round poles—showing to the interior.

It is divided into living-room, double-bed alcove, kitchen, and shower recess. To prevent any feeling of smallness the partitions do not go to the ceiling, and the curtains can be drawn back. There is an open fireplace and an electric stove.

All the covers are of rust-colored burlap painted by Mrs. Henderson in aboriginal designs in black, white, and yellow. The rounded wood is oiled, and the sawn wood painted a bright wattle-yellow.

MOST of the delectable foods are given names calculated to discourage all but their most faithful devotees. A departmental leaflet put out on the growing of watermelons—those melting, nectar-sweet summer delights—classifies them at Market Wonder, Chilian, Clockley's Sweet, Hawkesbury Wilt Resistant, and Early Canada. You'd never think that with names like these they'd taste the way they do.

## From U.S. new hope for queasy fishermen

THOSE who enjoy fishing but don't altogether appreciate the association of a blazing sun, a moving boat, and the presence of rapidly decaying live bait, will be cheered by the gift sent by Mr. H. J. Greb, fly-casting chairman of the Miami Rod and Reel Club, Florida, to the N.S.W. Rod Fishing Society.

It is a set of 34 salt water flies, the first to reach this country, and will be held by the N.S.W. Society for the guidance of fishermen who want to copy them.

Made by Mr. Greb from feathers of native birds and animal hairs, the largest of the flies measures four inches in length, and the smallest three-quarters of an inch. To make one more closely resemble the insect it represents, he has attached a pair of wire legs.

As trolling bait similar flies are enjoying a tremendous vogue along the Florida coast in America, and in some waters have even replaced live bait for surface fishing.

Until now in this country, flies have been used only by freshwater fishermen. "We think they will usher in a new era of salt water fishing," an enthusiast told us. "It's quite possible that with their use fish will be caught in some waters where they have not been landed before."

SINCE he arrived in England early this year, young Sydney pianist Laurence Davis has been using a piano owned by Neville Cardus, the cricket writer and music critic. Recently Cardus wrote to say he needed the piano himself. Davis advertised in "The Times," asking someone to lend him a grand piano, and within a day got six offers. All were from people who had grands in store and feared they were spoiling.



by MARTIN  
WISDOM

## WHO PAYS THE PIPER?

It's worth thinking about that this time next week you may be paying medical and legal expenses for some person who, at this moment, you have never seen.

You ask a business house to send a representative to your office; a customer enters your shop; a guest attends your party; one of these by some commonplace accident, injures himself on your premises, perhaps badly. A court of law may award damages against you.

You can guard against clients tripping on your stairs by replacing worn steps. You can wisely repair that broken showcase. But something you don't foresee can land you in this kind of trouble.

An Insurance Company can't foresee it either, but it can lift the burden of worry and responsibility from your shoulders. That's what insurance is for. You can't compare the small premium with the peace of mind a Public Liability Policy provides.

Martin Wisdom  
INSURANCE INSPECTOR

Insured by the Member Companies of the Fire, Accident and Marine Underwriters' Association of Australia.  
"They work for Your Safety"

C93



## Don't tell the world you wear false teeth!

False teeth need special cleansing or they become apparent. Kemdex preserves the natural colour and cleans evenly, thoroughly and harmlessly. Without brushing, immerse in Kemdex and water overnight or while you dress, and stains and film will disappear, and your teeth will be fresh and wholesome.

\* Send for free sample to Scott & Bowne (Australasia) Ltd., Box 40, P.O., Surry Hills.

KEMDEX

cleans false teeth safely and quickly

K3



# Oppy's next marathon will be at Canberra

## Australia's famous cyclist takes his politics seriously

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

When the new Federal Government is sworn-in at Canberra, most picturesque personality to take his seat in the new Parliament will be Hubert Opperman, Member for Corio.

Affectionately known to the sporting public as "Oppy," Australia's record-after-record-smasher cyclist, his career will be followed by fans all over the globe from bush towns to Paris boulevards.

ALTHOUGH elated by his victory, he knows that politics are not going to be a push-over, but he's in his element. He scorns the things in life that come easily.

"That's the secret of Oppy's success," said his friend of 25 years' standing and business associate, Bruce Small. "He's a terror for taking punishment."

Opperman himself reasons that he has always found that the hardest way in the top in the shortest, "because it's less crowded."

Automatically selecting the toughest route—just as he always chose the most ferocious weather for extra feats of endurance when he was training for big cycling events—he pounced on Corio as the seat to crack in the recent Federal elections.

A fierce personal dislike for anything that savored of regimentation in a country where extreme wealth and poverty are not pronounced, he says, prompted him to "have a go at Mr. Dedman."

First clue to the Opperman success psychology is realisation of his ability to burn his bridges behind him once he decides on a course of action.

When incredulous Liberals rubbed their eyes and endorsed his pre-selection for Corio four months before pulling day, Oppy hopped into action, sold his home in Melbourne, bought another at East Geelong.

With his wife and their children—Carol, 10, and three-year-old "Bud," Ian Bruce Opperman, the "influence" which his father alleges cost him 10 per cent. of his votes—the family became residents of Oppy's "electorate."

He made up his mind to win Corio, and thought he might as well move in right away.

Oppy then spent his time winning friends and influencing wharves, factory workers, and the man in the street.

Young "Bud" went round undoing the build-up—escaping from the Oppermans' attractive white weatherboard bungalow, squeezing

through front garden fences, stripping nearby gardens of choicest blooms like a centipede, nipping the throats of day-old chicks, and putting out of action toys of most children in his neighborhood.

"He's not really naughty — just exhausting," affectionately explained the Oppermans.

"He's been brought up on the same vitamin-packed diet that my husband and I kept rigidly in Oppy's cycling days, and he's just too full of energy," said "Bud's" mother.

Hubert Opperman was first hired by the attraction of riding a bike, when he took a job as a P.M.G. telegraph messenger after leaving school.

Later he transferred to the Commonwealth Navigation Branch. It was there that his boyish complacency was shaken.

One day his chief, red-bearded sea dog John Davis, took him aside and asked him what he was going to do with himself.

"I had run away to sea when I was your age," Davis witheringly remarked.

The seed of discontent sown in his heart, young Oppy resigned from the Public Service and took a 25/- a week messenger-shop assistant job with a suburban cycle dealer—an optimistic young man named Bruce Small.

The job carried the guarantee of time off to ride in bike races. In his first twelve months there Oppy won more in cycling prizes than Bruce Small and his brothers made in their shop.

### Manager's faith

"BUT they were bound to get on with a fellow like Bruce on the job," Opperman said. "He would have reached the top without me, but I could never have done it without him."

It was Small's faith in his employee's ability to make good, and his originality as a self-appointed manager — at his own expense — which always won the day for Oppy.

Hubert Opperman justified his friend's support in the years that followed by collecting every world record in the 1000 miles and kilo-



BICYCLES BUILT FOR FOUR. Mr. and Mrs. Opperman with their children Carol and Ian Bruce setting off from their new home. "Oppy" mostly rides in a car these days; he still enjoys bike-riding to keep fit.

metre class on track and road, paced and unpaced.

He's had five trips abroad and the bike-crazy French know him as well as his fellow Australians do.

The only records left for him to break now are his own. And they're not going to be attempted.

Mrs. Oppy is grateful about this. The nervous tension was terrific in Oppy's laurel-collecting cycling era. Fatality rate among world champion cyclists pacing it out at 60 miles an hour, and in events like the Paris-Brest marathon, is high.

During the war, Oppy served in the R.A.A.F. Ground Staff—again the hard way. He turned down a physical instructor's appointment with officer rank to enlist as A.C.I. He finished up as flight-lieutenant and unit adjutant.

In the R.A.A.F., Opperman once again took stock of himself. He found that there were countless men in the service driving themselves as relentlessly as he had always whipped himself to accomplishment.

But they were being tough with themselves—flying when they felt scared and making themselves capable—from a sense of duty.

"I realised then there was more to endurance than sporting success," he recalled. "It was a chastening experience."

Oppy confided that the real heroine of the family is his wife.

"She has trained herself to be the most adaptable person in the world," he proudly commented.

Mrs. Opperman said her husband was a hard taskmaster in their courting days.

For instance, time and time again she missed dances and films she particularly wanted to see because Oppy couldn't be persuaded to let up on his training.

"She used to say she wouldn't turn up at the track—then I'd see her face looking over the fence," he recalled.

Homespun philosopher, practical idealist, athlete, business man, and now politician, Hubert Opperman said he wants to take political life quietly until he gets the "feel" of things.



POLITICS AND CYCLING take second place when 10-year-old Carol gives song recital. As firm-minded as father when it comes to knowing what she wants, she has already decided on career as "soprano singer."

He is in dead earnest about his new job, and, with the singleness of purpose he possesses, there's only one thing to say now:

Look out, Canberra, Oppy's on your wheel!

"His methods for 'getting' what he sets his mind on are sometimes unorthodox," warned Bruce Small.

A brainwave to wrest a R.A.A.F. 10 miles Marathon foot race from top-line cross-country champion Dick Crossley, at Laverton, during the war, is a good sample of his originality.

Oppy went into training and was in good nick for the race, but his supporters felt shaky when the day of the race dawned with the temperature soaring up to the century.

Crossley, infinitely the better run-

ner, was too exhausted by the heat to finish the last lap.

"Opperman was even more exhausted, but he didn't know it," chuckled Bruce Small.

"He won the race doing the last lap round the oval with his arm outstretched holding imaginary handlebars and bringing his knees right up to his chest, 'pedalling' his way round."

He blacked out when he crossed the finishing line, and was shot into hospital suffering from sunstroke. The doctor explained he must have been unconscious for some time before he collapsed.

"But he won the title because, before setting out, he had given his mind alarm clock instructions that he had to keep going until he reached the tape."



WHITE WEATHERBOARD HOUSE in East Geelong is now home of the Opperman family. When "Oppy" won Liberal ticket to contest Corio, he sold his Melbourne home to take up residence in his electorate.





AT SADDLE CLUB BALL during her Malta visit, Princess Elizabeth, wearing a pale blue satin frock, danced in an eightsome reel. The Duke of Edinburgh is also in the group. The Princess wore a diamond tiara and sash of the Order of the Garter to one formal function—the State Ball.

## Elizabeth was just a “naval wife” in Malta

Five weeks' holiday with her husband included only a few official functions

By MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London office

During her five weeks' stay with her husband in Malta, Princess Elizabeth became the traditional “naval wife.”

After a few official functions to honor a brave nation, Elizabeth was able to relax and enjoy the same privacy and happy social life as any other member of the little naval colony on the island.

MALTA understood that the Princess' visit was a family occasion, for Malta is accustomed to the “naval wife,” and it accorded

its traditional homeliness to this daughter of a sailor who joined her naval-lieutenant husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, while he supervised the refit of his destroyer Chequers.

At first everyone turned out to honor the Princess. From the moment the silver Viking of the King's Flight touched down the dignitaries and the people all lined up to do her proud.

But after that the Princess was able to look from the windows of her rooms and move about among the naval personnel and the awarthy islanders without inquisitive stares.

### Mountbattens' guest

IN gay summer frocks Princess Elizabeth was on holiday and, except for her anxiety over the sickness of her son, Prince Charles, it was a happy holiday, and when she was sure he had recovered she was able to spend Christmas with her husband.

She stayed in the £50-a-month villa, Guardsman's, which is the home of the Mountbattens, and rode round in an open Rolls Royce lent by a wealthy islander.

She visited Valetta's Kingsway and stopped to shop in the bazaars,

finger the delicate lace and jewellery, and sigh over the nylons and other tempting but expensive treasures from America.

She saw the peasants toiling as she walked across the fields in sun-baked ruts made by carts, unveiled a war memorial, and saw the cathedral rehallowed.

She rose early to see the old Baroque Cathedral, where the first bishop was installed by St. Paul himself.

She showed her sympathy with Malta's troubles, saw its devastating bomb damage, and heard the unhappy story of the island's overpopulation.

But no one in Malta wanted to spoil the Princess' holiday, so as a naval wife she attended dances, went to the polo, sailed in her husband's flying fifteen “Coweslip.”

Much of her time was spent alone, while the Duke of Edinburgh worked on the ship in the busy dockyard which gives work and is the life-blood of the tiny island.

### OUR COVER

ON our cover this week is a picture of a typical Australian beach girl taken by staff photographer Clive Thompson. The attractive cotton swimsuit and matching hat worn by the model were designed and made in Australia, and, with the pictures on page 11, show how in the swimsuit field our designers have combined glamor and utility. As one American put it: “The country that gave the world the Australian crawl is showing it can give the world the best swimsuits.”



LACEMAKER, working on famous Maltese lace, is watched by Princess Elizabeth during a visit to the bazaars, which line the main street of Valetta. Like her grandmother, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth has become very knowledgeable about hand-made lace from various countries.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH attended a polo match on Malta with her cousin and host, the Earl of Mountbatten, and Lady Mountbatten.



## FORD PILLS



Jack Sprat  
spread when he sat,  
He puffed and he huffed  
all the way;  
But he's found a new life  
Since his wise little wife  
Gives him Ford Pills  
every day.

## FORD PILLS



There was an old man  
of Tobaygo  
Could eat only  
rice, gruel and sago,  
Till, much to his bliss,  
His doctor said this:  
"Take Ford Pills and all  
foods you may go."

## FORD PILLS



Hey diddle diddle,  
Fit as a fiddle,  
I feel I could jump  
o'er the moon;  
Aches and pains banished,  
My tiredness vanished,  
Ford Pills have proved  
such a boon.

## FORD PILLS



See Saw, Margery Daw,  
Pimples are not a disaster;  
Take Ford Pills  
for a day or so;  
They'll clean up your  
skin much faster.  
Ford Pills are the gentle,  
tasteless, painless laxative for  
all your family. In plastic  
tubes, 2/6 everywhere.

## FORD PILLS

# Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian ser-  
vant, together with lovely  
PRINCESS NARDA: Arrived at  
the Kingdom of Karana, ruled by  
KARA and KARON. Who are  
twin sister and brother. The  
twins fall in love with Mandrake  
and Narda. Under the coun-

try's law, if one weds, the other  
must go into exile, so each plans  
to marry first. Karon orders the  
wizard  
SAGGO: To use magic to destroy  
Mandrake, but Mandrake out-  
wits him, and Saggo is sent fly-  
ing by Prince Karon. NOW  
READ ON:



IN THE PALACE GARDEN:  
"I WAS WRONG, TRYING  
TO FORCE YOU TO MARRY  
ME," SAYS PRINCESS KARA,  
DEJECTEDLY. "BUT I KNOW  
MY BROTHER HASN'T  
GIVEN UP HOPE OF  
MARRYING NARDA."



"MY SISTER IS WRONG," SAYS PRINCE  
KARON, ALL CHARM AND SMILES.  
"I, TOO, HAVE SEEN THE ERROR OF  
MY WAYS AND INVITE YOU TO A  
BANQUET AS A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP."



MANDRAKE BELIEVES THE PRINCESS,  
BUT IS SUSPICIOUS OF THE PRINCE.  
AT THE BANQUET, MANDRAKE SAYS:  
"LET US EXCHANGE WINEGLASSES  
TO PROVE OUR FRIENDSHIP."  
"GLADLY," SAYS THE PRINCE,  
TAKING MANDRAKE'S GLASS.



BUT AS THE PRINCE  
IS ABOUT TO DRINK,  
THE GLASS SLIPS  
FROM HIS HAND.  
"HOW CLUMSY  
I AM," HE SAYS  
UNHAPPILY. —  
BUT MANDRAKE  
IS NOT DECEIVED.  
HE REALIZES  
HIS GLASS WAS  
POISONED!



"I STILL DON'T TRUST PRINCE KARON," WHISPERS  
NARDA AS THEY SAY GOODNIGHT. — "NOR DO I,  
BUT HE'S SUCH AN AMATEUR VILLAIN THAT WE  
HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR," REPLIES MANDRAKE.

BUT AS MANDRAKE LIES DOWN ON HIS BED FOR  
A MOMENT BEFORE UNDRESSING — THE BED OPENS  
AND HE TUMBLES INTO THE UNKNOWN DARKNESS  
BELOW! EVIDENTLY, THE PRINCE IS LESS  
AMATEURISH THAN HE SEEMS!



FALLING THROUGH A TRICK BED IN THE  
PALACE, MANDRAKE LANDS IN A SMALL  
BRICK CHAMBER. "SEEMS THAT I  
UNDERRATED THE PRINCE," MUTTERS  
MANDRAKE. "THIS IS A STRANGE PLACE  
LOOKS LIKE AN OVEN!"



AN OVEN IT IS! OUTSIDE, A ROARING FIRE  
IS BUILT AT THE DIRECTION OF PRINCE  
KARON. "THIS WILL FINISH THAT TRICKSTER  
FOR ALL TIME," HE SNAPS.



TO BE CONTINUED

Do it with  
**DUREX**



Keep prescription labels readable and  
in place by securing with transparent  
"Durex" tape.



The transparent  
tape that seals  
without moistening

There are dozens of little jobs that  
crystal-clear, firm holding "Durex"  
tape does every day. Look for it  
in the plaid dispenser that's so  
practical and economical.

300 INS. 3/4-INS. TAPE 2/6  
150 INS. 1/4-INS. TAPE 1/3



The Heavy-Duty  
Dispenser for shop  
and factory. For  
use with 7/8" x 1/2"  
rolls of "Durex"  
Tape.



The smart Desk  
Dispenser for home  
or office. For use  
with 7/8" x 1/2"  
rolls of "Durex"  
Tape.

TRADE MARK  
**DUREX**  
Cellulose  
**TAPE**

AUSTRALIAN DUREX PRODUCTS  
PTY. LTD. LIDCOMBE N.S.W.

Vander Harrow Removers  
**SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS**

VANDER HARROW Wax Depilatory  
gives you the equivalent of the most  
expensive and effective salon treat-  
ment at negligible cost in your own  
home.

It permanently removes hairs by the  
root and leaves the skin soft and  
smooth. Ideal for Face, Legs, Arms,  
etc. Expert friendly advice and long-  
lasting home kit from all leading  
chemists for 5/-, or post free Antinias  
Co., Box 10, P.O., Edgecliff, Sydney.

**fortuna**  
GUARANTEED  
coloured  
sheets



I STUDIED the unpleasant child a moment. "Do you read a lot of detective stories, Josephine?" I asked.

"Masses."

"I suppose you think you know who killed your grandfather?"

"Well, I think so—but I shall have to find a few more clues." She paused and added: "Chief-Inspector Taverner thinks that Brenda did it, doesn't he? Or Brenda or Laurence together because they're in love with each other."

"You shouldn't say things like that, Josephine."

"Why not? They are in love with each other."

"You can't possibly judge."

"Yes, I can. They write to each other. Love letters."

"Josephine! How do you know that?"

"Because I've read them. Awfully soppy letters. But Laurence is soppy. He was too frightened to fight in the war. He went into basements, and stoked boilers. When the flying-bombs went over here he used to turn green—really green. It made Eustace and me laugh."

What I would have said next I do not know, for at that moment a car drew up outside. In a flash, Josephine was at the window, her snub nose pressed to the pane.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"It's Mr. Gaitskill, grandfather's lawyer. I expect he's come about the will." She hurried excitedly from the room, doubtless to resume her sleuthing activities.

Magda Leonides came into the room, and to my surprise came across to me and took my hands.

"My dear," she said, "thank goodness you're still here. One needs a man so badly."

She dropped my hands, crossed to a high-backed chair, altered its position a little, glanced at herself in the mirror, then, picking up a small Battersea enamel box from a table, she stood pensively opening and shutting it.

It was an attractive pose.

A few moments later Sophia entered the room, accompanied by a small, elderly man, and Magda put down her enamel box and came forward to meet him.

## Crooked House Continued from page 20

"Good morning, Mrs. Philip. I'm on my way upstairs. It seems there's some misunderstanding about the will. Your husband wrote to me with the impression that the will was in my keeping. I understood from Mr. Leonides himself that it was at his vault. You don't know anything about it, I suppose?"

"About poor Sweetie's will?" Magda opened astonished eyes. "No, of course not. Don't tell me that wicked woman upstairs has destroyed it?"

"Now, Mrs. Philip." He shook an admonitory finger at her. "No wild surmises. It's just a question of where your father-in-law kept it."

"But he sent it to you—surely he did—after signing it. He actually told us he had."

"The police, I understand, have been through Mr. Leonides' private papers," said Mr. Gaitskill. "I'll just have a word with Chief-Inspector Taverner." He left the room.

When he came back a few minutes later, Chief-Inspector Taverner was with him and behind Taverner came Philip.

"I understood from Mr. Leonides," Gaitskill was saying, "that he had placed his will with the bank for safe keeping."

Taverner shook his head. "I've been in communication with the bank. They have no private papers belonging to Mr. Leonides beyond certain securities which they held for him."

Philip said: "I wonder if Roger—or Aunt Edith—Perhaps, Sophia, you'd ask them to come down here."

But Roger Leonides, summoned with the others to the conclave, could give no assistance.

"But it's nonsense—absolute nonsense," he declared. "Father signed the will and said distinctly that he was posting it to Mr. Gaitskill on the following day."

"If my memory serves me right,"

said Mr. Gaitskill, leaning back and half-closing his eyes, "it was on November 24 of last year that I forwarded a draft drawn up according to Mr. Leonides' instructions. He approved the draft, returned it to me, and in due course I sent him the will for signature."

"After a lapse of a week I ventured to remind him that I had not yet received the will duly signed

Taverner leaned forward. "Just how and when did he sign it?"

Roger looked round at his wife in an appealing way. Clemency spoke in answer to that look. The rest of the family seemed content for her to do so.

"My father-in-law laid the will down on his desk and requested one of us—Roger, I think—to ring the bell. Roger did so. When Johnson came in answer to the bell, my father-in-law requested him to fetch Janet Woolmer, the parlourmaid. When they were both there, he signed the will and requested them to sign their own names beneath his signature."

"And after that?"

"My father-in-law thanked them, and they went out. My father-in-law picked up the will, put it in a long envelope, and mentioned that he would send it to Mr. Gaitskill on the following day."

"You all agree," said Inspector Taverner, looking round, "that that is an accurate account of what happened?"

There were murmurs of agreement.

"The will was on the desk, you said. How near were any of you to that desk?"

"Not very near. Five or six yards, perhaps, would be the nearest."

"Could the servants read the document when they signed their names?"

"No," said Clemency. "My father-in-law placed a sheet of paper across the upper part of it."

"I see," said Taverner. "At least—I don't see."

He produced a long envelope and handed it to the lawyer.

"Have a look at that," he said. "And tell me what it is."

Mr. Gaitskill drew a folded document out of the envelope, and we watched him in silence as he studied it in obvious astonishment.

### RIVETS



and attested, and asking him if there was anything he wished altered. He replied that he was perfectly satisfied, and added that after signing the will he had sent it to his bank."

"That's quite right," said Roger eagerly. "It was about the end of November last year—you remember, Philip? Father had us all up one evening, and read the will to us."

"And after reading it, what happened?" asked Inspector Taverner.

"After reading it," said Roger, "he signed it."

AT length Mr. Gaitskill spoke. "This," he said, "is somewhat surprising. I do not understand it at all. Where was this, if I may ask?"

"In the safe, among Mr. Leonides' other papers."

"But what is it?" demanded Roger. "What's all the fuss about?"

"This is the will I prepared for your father's signature, Roger—but—I can't understand it after what you have all said—it is not signed."

"What? Well, I suppose it is just a draft."

"No," said the lawyer. "Mr. Leonides returned me the original draft. I then drew up the will—this will," he tapped it with his finger—"and sent it to him for signature. According to your evidence he signed the will in front of you all—and the two witnesses also appended their signatures—and yet this will is unsigned."

"But that's impossible," exclaimed Philip Leonides, speaking with more animation than I had yet heard from him.

Taverner asked, "Are you all sure that no one went near the desk before the signing of the will?"

"Nobody went near the desk," said Sophia.

"The desk was in the position it is now? It was not near a door, or a window, or any drapery?"

"It was where it is now."

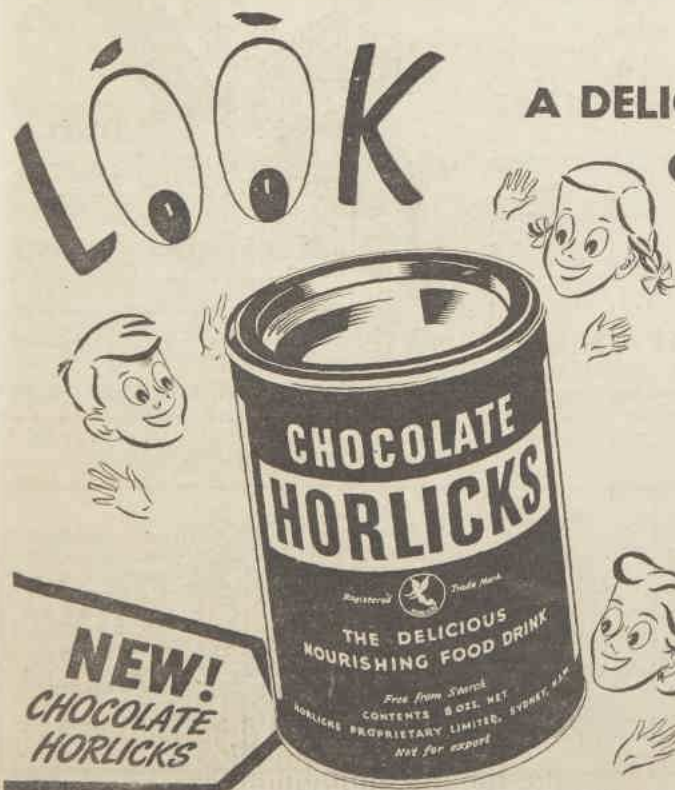
"I am trying to see how a substitution of some kind could have been effected," said Taverner. "Some kind of substitution there must have been. Mr. Leonides was under the impression that he was signing the document he had just read aloud."

"Couldn't the signatures have been erased?" Roger demanded.

"No, Mr. Leonides. Not without leaving signs of erasure. There is one other possibility. That this is not the document sent to Mr. Leonides by Mr. Gaitskill and which he signed in your presence."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Gaitskill. "I could swear to this being the original document. There is a small flaw in the paper—at the top-left-hand corner. It resembles, by a stretch of fancy, an aeroplane. I noticed it at the time."

Please turn to page 29



## A DELICIOUS NEW KIND OF CHOCOLATE HEALTH DRINK...

Smoother . . . creamier . . . more "CHOC'LATY"  
. . . and partly PRE-DIGESTED

Because of the special way it is made, Chocolate Horlicks is completely different from any other chocolate drink. It is creamier on the tongue, smoother in texture, and has a more "choc'laty" flavour. Not cloying, not over-rich, but extra delicious and more satisfying.

Also, Chocolate Horlicks is

partly pre-digested during manufacture, so that it is easily digested by even tiny tots' tummies. Just make Chocolate Horlicks as directed on the tin and every cup gives your family protein, carbohydrates, mineral salts, Vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, D and calcium. Your storekeeper has Chocolate Horlicks in the thrifty 8-oz. tin.

P.S.—You'll find you'll need LESS

Price 2½ 8-OZ. TIN

(Prices slightly higher in country areas)







Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.



Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.



Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

*"At last I'm free  
to look after my little family—"*



**This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.**

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take the Menthoid treatment.

Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. . . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family.

Many thanks to Menthoids for my new happiness.



**Start a course of  
Menthoids to-day**

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

**BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES  
Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.**

Your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

## Menthoids will help you too, if you suffer

Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

**Menthoids contain no harmful drugs.** Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family

treatment that has brought relief from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

## How the Menthoid Treatment acts

A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and bloodstream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective

properties after passing through the digestive tract. Menthoids help to drive out the poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.



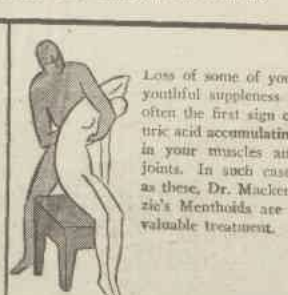
Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.



ALLAN accepted the drink, but was still adamant. "I'm not coming, not if the woman is Helen of Troy and the Queen of Sheba rolled into one. What's her name, anyway?"

"I'm afraid I don't know," said Tom, miserably. "But the party's being given by a couple named Williams."

"I don't know them," Allan said. He drained his glass. "Have another? So you don't even know the girl in question, eh? So what's the idea of trying to drag me into this thing blind? I don't want to get married—you know that. Do you find the married state so beautiful that you think you're doing any chap a good turn by dragging him off to meet prospective?"

The last drink had done something for Tom. "Listen," he said. "I'm going to tell you something I wouldn't tell to any other man, and when I've told you, I want you to forget it, see—forget it. I'm married. I've got a wife. I'm very married. Believe me, my boy, you've got the right idea—the right idea. Stay out of it, see, don't you get married. Have another drink!" He gestured lavishly.

"You remember that phone call?" he confided. "That was my wife. I've had my orders, you see. I have to bring you to that party whether you like it or not. She? I just got to."

## Crooked House

THE family looked blankly at one another.

"The whole thing's impossible," said Roger. "We were all there. It simply couldn't have happened."

Miss de Havilland coughed.

"Never any good wasting breath saying something that has happened couldn't have happened," she remarked. "What's the position now? That's what I'd like to know."

Gaitskill immediately became the cautious lawyer.

"The position will have to be examined very carefully," he said. "There are a large number of witnesses who saw Mr. Leonides sign what he certainly believed to be this will in perfectly good faith. Hum. Quite a little legal problem."

Taverner glanced at his watch. "I'm afraid," he said, "I've been keeping you from your lunch."

"Won't you stay and lunch with us, Chief-Inspector?" asked Philip.

"Thank you, Mr. Leonides, but I am meeting Dr. Gray in Swinfy Dean."

Philip turned to the lawyer. "You'll lunch with us, Gaitskill?"

"Thank you, Philip."

Everybody stood up. I edged unobtrusively towards Sophia.

"Do I go or stay?" I murmured.

"Go, I think," said Sophia.

I slipped quietly out of the room in pursuit of Taverner. Josephine was swinging to and fro on a baire door leading to the back quarters. She appeared to be highly amused about something.

"The police are stupid," she observed.

Sophia came out of the drawing-room. "What have you been doing, Josephine?"

"Helping Nannie."

"I believe you've been listening outside the door."

Josephine made a face at her and retreated.

"That child!" said Sophia, "is a bit of a problem."

I came into the Assistant-Commissioner's room at Scotland Yard to find Taverner finishing the recital of what had apparently been a tale of woe.

"And there you are," he was saying to my father. "I've turned the lot of them inside out—and what do I get? Nothing at all! No motives."

"None of them hard up. And all that we've got against the wife and her young man is that he made

## The Matchmakers

Continued from page 7

"And if I won't come?"

"That's your prerogative—that's up to you. I can't blame you. But it will be very hard on me—very hard. My wife says I got to bring you. She's got to bring you. Yes, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking whether I'm a man or mouse. And you're right—you're absolutely right. I'm a mouse. Believe me, my boy, it's easier to be a mouse. Have another drink."

"You mean to say that you'll get into trouble if I don't come with you?"

"Indubitably—indubitably—that's right. Trouble is nothing to what—"

"Well, that's a bit different. Even if you did rather me at golf this morning, I might consider helping you out of a hole. But only this afternoon, remember. After that, I wash my hands of the whole business. Do you think you ought to take another?"

Agnes Preston came early to Judy's party. She wanted to come before the other guests, make an excuse and leave.

She was introduced to people. Nancy Wendel and her bluff husband Harry, Claire Joplin-Stewart, others.

Both the women said: "Oh, yes,

Judy's told us about you," when they were introduced.

The party went on as though the undercurrent did not exist. Nancy Wendel stole a guilty look at her husband every time she reached for another chocolate; glasses were filled, emptied, filled again.

Suddenly there was an interruption from the entrance somewhere behind her. She heard Judy's voice greeting somebody, a scuffle of feet, and then an inebriated voice raised to the rafters. "Here he is, Judy. Here's your Romeo. Where's Juliet?"

Claire Joplin-Stewart said: "Tom!" She walked away quickly.

Agnes did not know whether she was blushing or not. She felt horribly small and ashamed, and still tortured with an overbearing curiosity. She half-turned to watch the new arrivals, and then controlled herself.

There were footfalls behind her, and then Judy was there with the young man. "Mr. Richmond—Allan—I want you to meet Agnes Preston."

Agnes said: "How do you do?"

The people around them, coming with tact, stepped aside casually, joined other groups, so they were alone in a little oasis, both acutely aware of the other and the fact that they were being observed out of the corners of eyes.

"I'm glad it's you," said Allan. "There's something I want to find out. Why did you write that letter?"

"What did you expect me to do?" she said bitterly. "Pretending you had to go off because you had a surprise for me, and then I saw you kissing that girl who arrived at the hotel in a taxi."

"Really? I'm surprised I didn't see you. Where were you standing?"

She looked down, silent, and then suddenly she felt his eyes on her. She stopped herself from looking up.

"Agnes?"

"Yes?" She risked a peep. With a shock she saw he was smiling.

"That," Allan said, and his smile broadened, "was the surprise. She was my favorite sister. I wanted her to meet you."

She said, numbly: "And when I saw you later, I wouldn't even talk to you. I sent you that note..."

Again she was afraid to look at him.

"Agnes?"

"Yes?"

"I haven't changed, Agnes. I haven't looked at another girl since. In fact, I've been a bit of a woman-hater."

"I haven't changed, either, Allan. This is the first party I've been to since."

"Darling!" He glanced around the room. "These people here, look at them."

She looked. There they were, all of them, chatting too casually, leaving her and Allan alone. There was Judy, the perfect hostess; Claire Joplin-Stewart glancing at the now half-sober and thoroughly cowed Tom; Nancy Wendel surreptitiously nibbling a biscuit. And all looking at them, on the sly.

"Do you know what they brought us here for? They thought you needed a husband and I was good material. Busybodies, aren't they?"

"Yes?"

"Still, they did bring us together and give me an opportunity to explain. Maybe we can do something for them."

"What?"

"Announce our engagement."

Think of the shock they'll get—and the thrill."

Agnes said, in a very small voice: "Now, Allan?"

"Yes, now." He turned towards the assembled guests. "Ladies and gentlemen," he started, "I have an announcement to make."

(Copyright)

To be continued



**Mortein plus** protects your child from that deadly enemy *the disease-carrying Fly!*

Dangerous illnesses such as gastro-enteritis, dysentery, typhoid and even infantile paralysis may be carried into your home by flies. Children, especially, need prompt protection from flies. Your strongest ally against disease-carrying flies and all other insect pests is Mortein Plus, because Mortein Plus contains D.D.T. and Pyrethrum, a chemical combination that knocks down insects instantly and kills 'em stone dead. It is because of this instant action that Mortein Plus gives so much better protection than ordinary D.D.T. sprays.

**MORTEIN PLUS MAKES YOUR HOME SAFE FOR YOU AND YOUR CHILDREN**

WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING—STICK TO IT!

M12-43

**REMEMBER** that your cat relies on you for health and happiness. Fortunately 'Tibs' Cat Powders provide the essential aids to fitness which domestic cats so often need. Give your cat a 'Tibs' a day to keep him bright and beautiful, full of fun and friendliness—as right as nipsinip!

**TIBS** For a generous free sample of "Tibs" Cat Powders send 1/6 in stamps for postage to: Samson & Sons (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 1333, St. George, Sydney.

## Drink Habit Destroyed

Do you suffer through the pangs of excessive drinking? EUCRASY has changed many from misery and want to happiness again. Established 22 years, it destroys all desire for Alcohol. Harmless, tasteless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required.

SEND 2/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.

Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.

297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

## "AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY"

Australia's Leading Monthly Magazine

Packed with features, fiction, and sporting articles that have a special appeal to Australian men and women.

At all newsagents and bookstalls. First of every month—one shilling.





IN "DUMPT" JARS AT SHOE SHOPS, STORES, AND REPAIRERS—EVERYWHERE

## 5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit... and establish your natural powers of regularity. 85% of the cases tested did it. So can you. Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

## "COOKERY FOR PARTIES"

Invaluable for all who entertain at home. At all newsagents and bookstalls—2/-.

## A CRASHING

thunder of hound voices came then from the heart of the wood.

Far away on the other side of the field, a streak of reddish brown running for its life; then the pack; and after them came the huntsman, a whip riding on either side of him; and then, holding up his hand for the field to hold back, the Master.

Arthur felt a thrill run up his spine at this, to him the one great moment of the hunt. Then he was leaning forward in his saddle galloping along with the others.

Presently he saw a pile-up of horses ahead of him, saw them turn and gallop down along the line of a fence. Squeezing Duke with his knees, he jammed his heels into him and put him at it.

Taking off a full half stride too early, he tipped his knees on the stiff top rail and turned a somersault, landing—minus Arthur—on his back.

Arthur, as was usually the case, landed on his silk-hatted head, but only mildly stunning himself.

After a second, he scrambled to his feet, went over to where the hunter was now quietly cropping clover.

"Well, old boy, that was a thumper!" he said gaily.

Then he ran his hands over the horse's knees, nodded, and climbed back into the saddle.

More stubbly fields, and then Arthur saw the van of the hunt again. Suddenly certain things about it began to seem slightly ridiculous to him; all these grown-up people racing around in fancy dress chasing an animal that would be torn to pieces by dogs.

Arthur found himself thinking about foxes, then, as he galloped along. Queer little beasts—sort of cute really; made friends with hound puppies if they grew up together.

In a hunting country, people pampered 'em half the year—bought off farmers to keep 'em from being shot, then hounded the poor things to death. He shook his head again. This was bad thinking—for a fox-hunting man.

He looked down the hill and saw the hounds and the hunt beginning to swing to the left. Well, the fox

always ran in a circle. Arthur decided he'd better circle himself and cut across the line. This fox was a runner, and the hounds were fast to-day. He and Duke would never catch them up if he didn't cut across. He picked his line of country, turned his horse, and went on.

At the end of the field was another post-and-rail fence. Once more the old hunter shook his head, bore down on the bit, took a few short strides to gather himself, and gave a great leap.

It took him perhaps two feet in the air before he and his master were surrounded, enmeshed and entangled by broken bits of wood and flying fence posts. And then both of them were lying prone on the ground.

The horse got up first; then Arthur Hamilton, his hat bashed in beyond recognition, climbed wearily to his feet and walked over to his horse.

Quite dizzy now, he bent over and felt his horse's legs. They seemed sound. Unsteadily he gathered his crop and laid the reins back over the animal's head. Then, with a great effort he heaved himself into the saddle.

He sat perfectly still for perhaps a minute, letting Duke munch and nibble at the grass. Then a tumult of sound made him look up.

The fox had circled sharply and, completely unaware of him, had cut into the field just ahead of him.

Then, while Arthur stared at it, the fox turned its head and he saw its eyes—wide, terror-stricken. It was a look he knew—he had seen it in Europe, in the eyes of men who knew they were going to die. It made him feel sick inside.

"Oh, why doesn't he give up and let it happen?" he said.

He closed his eyes and was sur-

**Notice to Contributors**  
PLEASE type your manuscript as follows: write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage on manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

## The Last Fox Hunt

Continued from page 9

prised to hear himself saying, "Please let the miracle happen this time—let him get away."

He opened his eyes. The fox had turned right now and was going faster, heading for a wood. Behind him roared the hounds and then the hunt. Arthur Hamilton stared. He was so intent on the thing that, in his dizzy state, he began to feel he was the fox.

I'm through, he thought. I've had enough of it.

He turned his horse's head and trotted slowly across the field, leaving the woods on his right. It wasn't far home from here.

He jumped a low fence into another field. He was well around the woods now. He could hear hounds belling in the heart of it and that silly huntsman tooting his brass horn. He nodded and smiled. There was a stream in that particular woods. The fox must have reached it and waded it, throwing the hounds off for a little. He was glad of that. He jogged along and then for the second time he saw the fox.

It came out of the wood just in front of him, dragging itself along, obviously utterly exhausted. Halfway across the field it collapsed and lay on its side in a deep furrow.

Arthur Hamilton looked at the fox and thought he was going to cry. Then, for a veteran hunting man, he did a strange thing. He dismounted and walked across the furrows to where the animal lay gasping as it awaited the brutal, noisy death that in a minute or so now would come thundering from the copses.

"I can't let this happen to you, old boy," he said.

He dropped to one knee, but the fox, seeing only the dreaded coat of scarlet, glared with a last flicker of hate and found the strength to half bare its fangs. And so they stayed, the man and the fox, looking at each other.

Presently Arthur heard the deep tone of the pack as they found the trail and, forgetting a great many of the things he had always lived

by, picked up the fox by the scruff of its neck.

At that moment the first hounds, followed by MacAfee and the huntsman, cleared the wood. With a quick, instinctive gesture, Hamilton unbuttoned his coat and thrust the fox beneath it. Then he buttoned the two top buttons, stuck his right hand under them, Napoleon fashion, and held the fox once more by the scruff of the neck.

He waited. If MacAfee had seen him—or even guessed—Arthur would be asked very politely never to hunt with that pack again. Forgetting for the moment that he never could hunt again anyway, because he had no money to hunt with, Arthur Hamilton paled. To him, this would be like being excommunicated.

Then the hounds were all around him, sniffing and sniffing at the ground in bewilderment.

The huntsman was cavorting about waving his arms and uttering his strange cries and beeping on his little brass horn at the exact spot where Arthur had lifted the fox from the ground. Then Howard MacAfee cantered up and reined in his horse a few yards from Arthur.

"I say, Arthur, are you hurt, old boy? Your arm—stuck in your coat! Collarbone, I suppose?"

Arthur Hamilton nodded and turned a little so that the M.F.H. couldn't see the bulge under his coat.

"Hat's busted," he said. "Head's okay, Howard."

"Good man—Why didn't you give us a tallyho—a view halloo, old boy? Old Reynard must have cut right in front of you!"

Arthur nodded. He could not lie. He had discovered in the last little while—had learned abruptly, just after that first thumper old Duke had given him and he had begun thinking about grown-ups running around in fancy dress and women riding sidesaddle looking like monkeys on sticks—that he had for a great many years been worshipping and serving false gods.

Please turn to page 36

## Two of my boys have worn this 8 year old suit... but Velvet has kept it like NEW

says Mrs. E. Wainwright, 179 Denison Road, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

(original letter on our files)



"Do you like Keith's little cream and fawn suit, Aunt Jenny? It doesn't look 8 years old, does it?" asks Mrs. Wainwright. "It was handed down to Keith from his brother Allan. With no hard rubbing needed, Velvet has certainly kept its colours bright as new."

"My advice to anyone with a family is to use nothing but Velvet," said this charming mother of seven when Aunt Jenny visited her. Mrs. Wainwright was really enthusiastic about the way Velvet's gentle suds keep her family's clothes strong and new-looking.

Pure, mild VELVET is so kind to your hands—so gentle to your clothes Here's why clothes last longer



"Here's a suppercloth I worked for the Easter Show," says Mrs. Wainwright proudly. "It won 2nd prize. And Velvet's suds have kept the colours as bright as when they were first worked."



"See how white and fluffy Velvet has kept baby Jeanette's shawl," says Mrs. Wainwright. "Do you know, Jeanette has napkins 8 years old that once belonged to Allan. Yes, as a mother of a large family I know the real value of Velvet."



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with slippery inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds have dirt ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed, yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes too!



Turn in every morning Men to their "Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories" V.171.65WVW



# FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. After an attempt in film making in Hollywood, Larry returns to Empire City, and rejoins his friends JUNE FARRELL and HAPPY. He spends his time between working clever new acts and taking attractive June to nightclubs. His career as Funnyman has lapsed.

As I Read  
The  
STARS  
by WYNNE TURNER.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Continue to aim high, for destiny favors you this week. Benefits, opportunities, and recognition color your career and business life. Best days are January 7, 9, and 10. Adverse January 8.

**TAURUS** (April 22 to May 21): Choose this week to further any intellectual activities, travel plans, Government or legal matters. All days favorable except January 4, 6, and 8.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Benefits, gifts, or expansion of material assets, help to add to your happiness this week. Bright ideas can also help to boost finances on Saturday, while January 9 and 10 are particularly solid days.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Your marriage, business, or social life is due for an uplift over the next few days. Popularity and recognition come your way. Personal ties and partners prove more helpful and fortunate than usual.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 23): Adverse on January 8, but progressive from January 9 and 10. A business contract, new job, promotion, or recognition for past efforts gives a good uplift to the background of life.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): New enterprise or speculation can be rather profitable over the next few days. Consolidate also affairs close to your heart. Good days are January 7, 9, and 10.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): Get busy this week with all things pertaining to home and family, property, housing, building, alterations, or change of residence. All things promise to have a stabilizing effect, especially nearing January 9.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 22): A progressive week for writings, contracts, agreements, business interviews, and meeting others generally. You tend to be more patient and methodical than usual. All days fair except January 6 and 8.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Excellent money conditions prevail this week. Use January 7, 9, and 10 to improve prospects. Buy or sell, and if possible take up some sound investments. Many will receive a rise for work well done.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): This is the week to add to your sense of material security by putting personal aims and objectives into action. Start planning near January 7, and by January 10 some good results should be apparent.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Conditions improve this week, with some good opportunities from January 7. Do nothing of importance on January 8, but make your big drive on January 9 and 10.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): A very good week for consolidating friendships and renewing old acquaintances. Particularly good for marriage or partnerships needing durability. However, delay everything on January 8, for the next two days are better.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Ltd., 152-154 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Page 31



TO BE CONTINUED

The Australian Women's Weekly - January 7, 1950

The famous name in detective fiction. Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine . . . 1/- a copy.



# TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

## ★★★ Champion

THE Ring Lardner short story "Champion," an expose of the boxing racket among big-time American fighters, makes a virile, if brutal, film as produced by Stanley Kramer.

Kirk Douglas, the actor who shot to stardom on the strength of his performance in the title role, plays Champion Midge Kelly, a vainglorious fighter, a hero to cheering fans, but a complete no-good in his personal life.

Fine physique and animal magnetism make Kirk Douglas the perfect choice for this unattractive character.

The film begins on the night of the "Champ's" greatest triumph, and his life is recounted in flashbacks.

Whether or not you like boxing pictures in which no punches are pulled, and regardless of your dislike for the despicable character who is Midge Kelly, at the conclusion of "Champion" you still retain a grain of admiration for him. It is won by the inherent courage of the poverty-stricken lad who permits no qualm of conscience or emotion to divert his unrelenting drive towards the highest of all professional fistic achievement.

The three women in his life are played by Ruth Roman, Lola Albright, and Marilyn Maxwell. He treats one shabbily and uses the other two to further an insatiable greed for money.

Both comparative newcomers, Ruth Roman and Lola Albright show to advantage in the film. Dark-eyed Ruth has quiet dignity as Douglas' naive wife, Emma, and blonde Lola is charming as the more sophisticated Palmer Harris.

Marilyn Maxwell deftly plays the flash champ-follower who finds this particular champion more than a match in gulle.

Arthur Kennedy as Connie, Midge's crippled brother and lifelong companion, and Paul Stewart

as the suave fight-promoter who has no illusions about the game recognise the impending tragedy of Midge, but are unable to prevent it.

Bitterly used though they are, all of these people are too decent to reveal Midge in true colors, even at the last, and to the world he remains a great hero.

Brilliant camera work combined with background music make an important contribution to the drama of this absorbing screen-play.

In Sydney—the Plaza.

## ★★ Maytime in Mayfair

ALL the way through this delightful piece of technicolor nonsense, you know what is going to happen next. For "Maytime in Mayfair" is almost a replica in construction and dialogue of every other romantic comedy that Herbert Wilcox has produced, teaming his wife, Anna Neagle, with Michael Wilding.

But it is good value in a casual, light-hearted way, for all that.

The plot does not matter, but for the record it is about a debonair young-man-about-London, Michael Gore-Brown (Michael Wilding), who inherits a posh Mayfair frock salon and finds, to nobody's surprise, that its manageress is Eileen Graham (Anna Neagle).

The two promptly fall in love, have to cope with complications caused by a rival couturier trying to put them out of business. Eventually, of course, the sun shines through to dispel the clouds.

This film is a wonderful chance for Michael Wilding to demonstrate his deftness in the charm-boy sort of role, and his performance is as smooth as silk.

With Anna Neagle he shares some dance routines and pleasant songs as well as romances, and the two receive sterling support from two gentlemen — Peter Graves as the

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★★ Average  
★ No stars — below average

opposition dressmaker, D'Arcy Davenport, and that wily comedian, Nicholas Phipps, a military-type Sir Henry Hazetring.

The technicolor is clear, the production is sumptuously mounted, and there is an unusual dress parade that will please all feminine film-goers.

In Sydney—the Embassy.

## ★★ The Great Lover

IT takes all of Bob Hope's considerable comedy resource to make Paramount's "The Great Lover" hold up for the eighty minutes of its run.

Through no fault of his own it is Hope's least satisfactory film for some time.

The role of a brash newspaperman, in charge of a touring group of adolescent rangers, is well suited to the glib style of the comedian, and Hope gambols through a number of quite funny situations in his own inimitable fashion, tossing off some smart quips and cracks.

But when the plot thickens, and a murderer, who throttles his victims with a knotted table-napkin, is introduced, the action slows down, and Hope has to work very hard indeed to maintain the light touch.

As the impoverished Grand Duke Maximilian and his daughter, Duchess Alexandria, Roland Culver and Rhonda Fleming are gallant and romantic, in that order, and Roland Young, who never for a moment takes things seriously, retains his suavity as the gambler-strangler.

In Sydney—the Prince Edward.

## ★★ So Dear To My Heart

THERE is the usual Walt Disney touch of fantasy about this latest R.K.O. release,



JOHN HOWARD DAVIES, clever adolescent actor, adjourns to the nearby schoolroom whenever he is not required on the set. His lessons are the concern of his tutor, Sheila Blann, who appears in this candid.

which features children and rural life in a charming way.

By comparison with most previous Disney films, "So Dear to My Heart" could almost be classed a straight production, because, although there are snatches in cartoon form, these have little to do with the story proper, and mainly concern the advice of a wise old owl to a mischievous lamb on "doing whatcha can with whatcha got."

The homespun story relates how a little boy, played by clever Bobby Driscoll of "The Window" fame, rears an unwanted black lamb as a pet, and as a full-grown ram it wins an award at the county fair.

It's as simple as that—the joys and sorrows of childhood, family sentiment, interpolated with catchy songs from buxom Burl Ives as Uncle Hiram, against bright technicolor backgrounds.

Bobby Driscoll, perfect example of how endearing an uncut child actor can be, steals the picture, and little Luana Patten, as his playmate, is sweet.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.

## ★★ That Dangerous Age

MYRNA LOY departs considerably from her usual light-comedy type of role in this British-Lion domestic drama which was written by her husband, Gene Markey.

Central characters in the rather heavy emotional film-fare are a famous barrister (Roger Livesey), his neglected wife (Miss Loy), his young daughter by a previous marriage (Peggy Cummins), and the other man—Richard Greene.

The sudden illness of her distinguished husband causes Lady Brooke to cancel her plans to seek a new life with understanding Michael Barclay, whom she renounces. This decision plunges the quartet into emotional depths, which it must be admitted they all manage to handle with adult dignity until the mix-up is sorted out.

As the heavy-handed husband who eventually learns how to keep his wife, Roger Livesey turns in a polished performance, and is ably backed up by Myrna Loy.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

## BREAKFAST at the FASHION PARADE

by VIVIAN

AND MADAME WILL NOTICE HOW EVERY FLAKE IS CRISP AND GOLDEN. DEE-LISHUS!

WHAT A LOVELY FROCK, MY DEAR. I WONDER IF THAT FASHION WILL EVER COME IN AGAIN?

YOU CAN RIDE A BIKE 10 MILES ON THE ENERGY SUPPLIED BY ONE PLATE OF THESE LUSCIOUS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR!

THAT'S RIGHT AND THAT PLATEFUL IS EQUAL TO 2 BIG HELPINGS OF BACON AND TOMATOES!

WHICH ONE STRIKES YER FANCY, GERT?

THOSE BIG GOLDEN KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. ONE PLATEFUL WITH MILK AND SUGAR PLUS FRESH FRUIT AND BUTTERED TOAST GIVES YOU 5 OF YOUR DAILY FOOD NEEDS!

SO WILL FOOD BILLS. DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES SAVE TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY.

I READ THAT SKIRTS WILL BE LOWER THIS YEAR.

THESE BIG DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES ARE ALWAYS THE FASHION. ONLY A FRACTION OF THE COST OF HEAVY BREAKFASTS AND SO MUCH BETTER FOR YOU, MADAME!

ALWAYS SAY "KELLOGG'S" BEFORE YOU SAY CORN FLAKES...



## *Coward's latest film success*

### *Glittering star*

★ Beautiful Margaret Leighton, who stars with Noel Coward and Celia Johnson in the Antony Darnborough production, "The Astonished Heart," poses for this color portrait wearing the exquisite picture dress in spun-sugar pink duchesse satin, designed by Molyneux.







### CUTEX Polish Shades Are Prettier

Consider how often others notice your hands, and you'll agree that only the prettiest polish is worthy of them.

CUTEX is the world's largest selling nail polish not only because of its pretty-plus shades, but because no other polish adds quite such brilliant beauty to your hands. No other polish stays perfect looking for so many, many days.



### Yours for all Time...

"JEWELLEX" movements are individually fashioned by the skilled hands of Swiss masters. The Federated Retail Jewellers' Association selected "JEWELLEX" as the ultimate in watch value—so order in advance to avoid disappointment. Every model, ladies' or gent.'s, has a 15-jewelled lever movement—built for years of service.

## Jewelelex

Insignia of the Federated Retail Jewellers' Association. "JEWELLEX" watches can only be purchased at jewellers displaying this sign.



**1 PLYING** his trade as an innocent barrow-boy, Sidcup Buttermeadow (Sid Field) is accused by Roundhead of insulting Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England.



**2 BEFRIENDED** by Nell Gwyn (Margaret Lockwood) and rescued from gallows by Royalist Colonel Lovelace (Jerry Desmond), Sidcup vows lasting gratitude, and pledges himself to common cause.

## PERIOD COMEDY . . .



**3 ASKED** to deliver letter to Doverhouse Castle, Sidcup makes journey, but is ejected. He is contacted by Nell, who tells him Lovelace is under arrest.

### CARDBOARD CAVALIER

NOEL LANGLEY, one of England's most prolific and brilliant modern authors, wrote the script of "Cardboard Cavalier" expressly for co-stars Sid Field and Margaret Lockwood. Described as a crazy comedy that is more funny than factual, the action of "Cardboard Cavalier" takes place round about 1658, when Charles II was exiled in Belgium and Oliver Cromwell was Lord Protector of England.

Sid Field plays a not-very-bright secret Royalist agent. Master of mime and improvisation, Field has been a star of the London stage for years. He came up the hard way from street shows to stardom. There is a large supporting cast in this Two Cities film.



**4 DISGUISED** as professional dancers, Sidcup and Nell get letter to Lady Doverhouse (Mary Clare) as Cromwell (Edmund Willard) arrives.



**5 THROWN** into confusion by this arrival, Sidcup pretends to be Lady Doverhouse's cousin, Matilda, from Ashby-de-la-Zouche. At dinner he flirts outrageously with the bewildered Protector Cromwell.



**6 CAUGHT** trying to rescue Lovelace from castle prison while dressed as a ghost, Nell cajoles her ex-boy-friend Tom Pride (Brian Ward), who threatens arrest.



**7 HELPED** by genuine castle ghost, Sidcup, Nell, and Lovelace escape by underground tunnel to waiting coach. When Sidcup falls from vehicle, the coach disappears from view, and they go right out of his life.



**8 MONTHS** later as restored King Charles II and Nell ride among cheering crowds, Sidcup is recognised and the grateful King knights him on the spot.



# HAPPY, HAPPY Hunting Ground

(WHERE NO FOES LURK!)



## THE MIGHTY POLARSHERE

Kelvinator's exclusive cold-maker is sealed in a shell of steel...soothed, silenced and protected by a bath of oil to which no dirt or moisture can ever penetrate. "Polarsphere" is backed by the 3-year Protection Plan. **Prove for yourself that Kelvinator is first in everything that means refrigeration satisfaction. Ask any of the Kelvinator distributors listed below for the Free "Check-up" Booklet, or write to Kelvinator Australia Limited in Adelaide, Melbourne or Sydney.**

When your marauding Mohicans go a-raiding, or when they (and Big Chief Hungry Bear) sit down to a legal and orderly meal, be sure they're safe from those invisible foes—the germs of food decay—that can overcome the strongest brave. The food that goes to cook-stove or table straight from Kelvinator is as safe as the day you bought it. Kelvinator's proved dependability is the watch-dog that checks the growth of food bacilli whose dangerous presence is not always detectable by sight, taste or smell. In addition to Kelvinator safety you want, too, its generous storage space, every inch performing some valuable function in the preservation or preparation of foodstuffs in endless variety. You want its roomy Stainless Steel freezer for making a host of iced or frozen desserts...its ample, crisper storage to keep garden produce dew-fresh. You can't do without its tall bottle space in thirsty Summer or its adjustable shelving to take care of big items, like the Christmas turkey, and, *you must have* Kelvinator's big reserve power to ensure dependable performance throughout the longest heat waves. Besides being a *sure safeguard*, Kelvinator is a thing of beauty—a joy and pride for many years longer than less reputable, less dependable refrigerators.

...you must have **KELVINATOR**

FIRST IN REFRIGERATION SINCE 1914!

NEW SOUTH WALES: ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LTD, Pitt St, Sydney. FARMER & CO LTD, Pitt St, Sydney. McDOWELLS LTD, 378 George St, Sydney. NOCK & KIRBY LTD, 417-421 George St, Sydney. SYDNEY SNOW PTY LTD, Pitt & Liverpool Sts, Sydney. **COUNTRY:** BENNETT & WOOD PTY LTD, Pitt and Bathurst Sts, Sydney. **VICTORIA:** BRASH'S PTY LTD, 108 Elizabeth St, Melbourne. A. H. GIBSON (ELECTRICAL) CO. PTY LTD, 416 Bourke St, Melbourne. MYER EMPORIUM LTD, 314 Bourke St, Melbourne. **QUEENSLAND:** E. L. LEWIS & SONS PTY LTD, 106 Edward St, Brisbane. E. MARKHAM, 31c Shields St, Cairns. McWHIRTERS LTD, The Valley, Brisbane. G. J. GRICE LTD, 90-92 Queen St, Brisbane. **SOUTH AUSTRALIA:** JOHN MARTIN & CO LTD, Rundle St, Adelaide. SAVERY'S PIANOS LTD, 29 Rundle St, Adelaide. BARRIER ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES LTD, Argyle St, Broken Hill. **WESTERN AUSTRALIA:** BOANS LTD, Wellington St, Perth. FOY & GIBSON (W.A.) LTD, Hay St and St. George's Ter, Perth. NICHOLSON'S LTD, Barrack St, Perth. **TASMANIA:** MAX GEEVES PTY LTD, Davey St, Hobart, and Brisbane St, Launceston.





# More sickness is caused by **DIGESTIVE DISORDERS** than by any other complaint

Figures of sickness benefits paid by the Commonwealth Government show that, of 27,869 males admitted to benefit in six months, 6,160 suffered from diseases of the digestive system, almost twice the number affected by any other complaint.



In the new, handy,  
dust-proof, spill-proof pack

## GIVE QUICK RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION, ACID STOMACH, HEART- BURN, FLATULENCE and DYSPEPSIA

Dispensed from a scientifically pre-tested formula of British Pharmacopoeia Codex Standard Pharmaceuticals, Quick-Eze neutralise excess stomach acid and, by the rapid action of their Magnesium Trisilicate content, aid in the stabilisation of the digestive system's acid-alkaline balance. Doctors recommend Quick-Eze.

### How the 5-point Quick-Eze formula brings rapid relief

One or two Quick-Eze tablets dissolved slowly in the mouth after meals will counteract after-meal discomfort. In cases of painful heart-burn or flatulence, two or three Quick-Eze will give rapid relief. Here is how Quick-Eze act:

(1) **MAGNESIUM TRISILICATE.** Preferable to other antacids—especially in the treatment of peptic ulcers—because of its adsorptive properties and its even rate of acid neutralisation. It helps to restore the stomach's correct acid-alkaline balance.

(2) **CALCIUM CARBONATE.** A valuable antacid for gastric hyperacidity and for gastric and duodenal ulcers. Particularly effective for rapid relief of pain and heart-burn.

(3) **MAGNESIUM CARBONATE.** The magnesium salts change mainly to the soluble bicarbonate, whose immediate action is to relieve pain and congestion in the digestive tract.

(4) **PURE OIL OF PEPPERMINT.** Has a sedative effect on the stomach and relieves gastric and intestinal flatulence. It is also of great value in decreasing the secretion of gastric juices.

(5) **GLUCOSE.** Assists in the prevention of acidosis by raising the glycogen content of the liver. Glucose is well known for its soothing and nerve-steadying qualities.

STOP  
THAT  
PAIN!



PER PACKET  
EVERYWHERE



HANDY FOR POCKET!



HANDY FOR PURSE!

## QUICK-EZE FOR INDIGESTION

## The Last Fox Hunt

Continued from page 30

HE had known, quite suddenly, when he had seen the fox lying helpless in that furrow in the fast paling afternoon sunshine, that the real gods had arrived in his heart. He had learned that tradition—just because it happened to be tradition—was not necessarily worthy of worship.

But there was enough of the old worship left in him to make it absolutely impossible for him to tell a direct lie to a Master of Foxhounds.

"Yes, sir," he said. "He did."

Without meaning to, Howard MacAfee jerked at his reins in exasperation. His horse reared.

"Well, man! Which way did he go?" he said.

Arthur Hamilton looked him full in the eyes.

"I won't tell you," he said. There was a long silence between them. A few yards to their right the huntsman was still frantically beeping and shouting: "Eleu in there, boys! Yoi, try push 'em up!"

A dozen yards behind them the harder-going men and women of the field were waiting for the M.F.H.

The silence lasted so long that presently Howard MacAfee, who when he was not busy being a Master of Foxhounds was a most astute and intelligent publisher, began to grow embarrassed.

"Arthur," he said. "I don't know—perhaps you've been working too hard. I know things have been rough for you—perhaps you have hurt your head and just don't realise it—but there's something very queer about this. Why—you saw the fox—just why won't you tell me which way he went?"

Arthur Hamilton looked at the M.F.H. He looked away, up at the sky, reddening fast now, with the end of the winter day. It would take him a long, long time to explain, he thought, and at the end of it MacAfee probably wouldn't understand anyway. So he cut it short.

"Because," he said, "it's much too nice a day for even a fox to die."

With that he mounted his horse and set off towards home.

It was quiet in the living-room of the Hamiltons' house. It was so quiet that when the knock on the door came it sounded very loud and both Arthur Hamilton and his wife Ellen, who had been sitting close beside him on the sofa, jumped. Then she rose to her feet.

"You rest your poor head," she said. "I'll go."

As he watched her step into the hall, he wondered whether it would be one of his creditors. Then his eyes widened as he saw muddied top boots and a scarlet coat and a velvet hunting cap that was laid on the hall table. He got to his feet.

"But, Howard!" he said. "How awfully nice of you to stop on your way home." He laughed. "You needn't have, really. I'm all right."

The M.F.H., rubbing his hands together to warm them, came on into the firelit room. Ellen Hamilton poured whisky into glasses—the last of the whisky—and handed the glasses around. The M.F.H. raised his glass.

"To the hunt," he said. The three of them drank. Then MacAfee smiled. "I didn't really come here to ask after your health," he said.

"Oh," said Arthur in sudden alarm. He was thinking of the muddy brown creature that at this moment was lying on a pile of clean straw at one end of the garage.

He was thinking about a conversation—a one-sided conversation he had had with the creature some ten minutes ago when he had gone down to give it a pan of milk and some meat scraps.

He was thinking of how it had let him pat its head as he had said, "You know, old chap, you fellows have been in the minority for a good many centuries. It's time somebody got on your side," and how the fox had looked up at him, then started lapping the milk.

The thought made him blush guiltily.

Then he realised that MacAfee was talking—talking about some children's book—a horse story Arthur had written and illustrated and saying that that was what he'd tried to speak to him about in the hunting field that morning.

"Frankly, I'm surprised," MacAfee was saying. "But my associates are all for it; and so we've decided—partly because I know you need it, but mostly because we feel it will sell well—to give you advance royalties."

He smiled. "It's a charming little book, really—especially that part where the horses do the talking." He laughed. "When did you write it, Arthur?—just lately?"

"I wrote it during the war," Arthur said. "Sent it home to amuse my daughter. I didn't know..." He saw his wife signalling him to silence and broke off.

So that was it! Ellen!... Ellen had dug it out, and sent it to Howard! He was feeling dizzy again.

Advance royalties would get him out of debt.

He could walk with his head high again and sleep at night—and he could go on hunting and rescuing foxes to his heart's content. MacAfee finished his drink.

"Well, I've got to get along now," he said. "Just wanted to tell you the good news. We can discuss the contract another time." He paused. "By the way, about that fox to-day—I can't understand why—oh, let it go."

MACAFEE turned and went out of the house. On his horse he paused to light a cigarette. In the way of a man who has just done a good deed, he felt exalted.

He had really only meant to tell Arthur Hamilton they were going to publish the children's book—but there'd been something about Arthur's eyes this afternoon that had made Howard MacAfee feel queer and soft inside—and it was the beginning of a new year. Besides, the book would probably do well.

He picked up his reins. Then, clear on the cold night air, he heard the short sharp bark of a fox. He turned and stared at the house. The sound, incredibly, had seemed to come from the garage.

No! he thought. Arthur couldn't do that! I can understand his getting a little wobbly after his smash-up this afternoon—but he wouldn't dare do that—not to me!

But once again over the frosty air came that sharp, unmistakable bark. Then suddenly MacAfee forgot for a moment that he was the M.F.H. and became the quiet, intelligent publisher.

And just as suddenly, he understood now a little of what it felt like not only to be a hunted fox, but what it felt like to be Arthur Hamilton; and he sensed the kinship between the two.

"That isn't a fox at all," he said out loud. "It's just an owl with a bad cold in the head."

Touching his spurs to his hunter's flanks, he rode off into the night.

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



# Dress Sense by Betty Keep

A SIMPLE silhouette in a fabric of becoming color is sound fashion for "don't dress" occasions.

## Semi-formal frock

"I HOPE you will find time to answer my query, which is regarding a good dress suitable for semi-formal occasions. I want a frock I can wear with or without a hat. My age is just under thirty, and I take an S.W. fitting in frocks. I do not want a high neckline, as I have rather a pretty neck and shoulders."

A simple design in a luxury fabric, skirt 14 inches from the ground, will solve your problem perfectly. For the material, I suggest silk taffeta and for the color ruby-red. The latter is a very new autumn color, and, after all, autumn is only just over the horizon. Note the flattering "open-up" neckline. This is not only a current popular fashion, but I think one of the most flattering fashions to the girl with a pretty neck and shoulders.



RICH FABRIC, a simple silhouette, and "open-up" neck make an excellent informal frock.

## Maternity tunic

"MAY I ask your assistance, for which I will be most grateful. I am having my first baby, and, as I am young, I still would like to keep up my appearance, but can't spend too much money on clothes that have to be discarded after a few months."

I consider maternity clothes can be an attractive and practical part of your wardrobe, even after your baby arrives. To face facts, figures are not immediately restored to normal, therefore it is wiser to adjust the clothes you have worn during pregnancy, and postpone the choosing of new things for at least three to four months. You could, for instance, wear a tunic blouse before and after the event. One cut on choir-boy lines would be perfect, and, furthermore, would do double duty. By day, wear it with a white blouse and a short skirt. Without the blouse, with a long skirt plus pearls or gold jewellery, it takes on an entirely new role. Have the tunic designed with

stance, wear a tunic blouse before and after the event. One cut on choir-boy lines would be perfect, and, furthermore, would do double duty. By day, wear it with a white blouse and a short skirt. Without the blouse, with a long skirt plus pearls or gold jewellery, it takes on an entirely new role. Have the tunic designed with

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

the back longer and fuller than the front section. This will give balance to the figure.

## Week-end outfit

"FOR week-ends and informal outings I want to have a new outfit. As I can't have it made till the middle of February, I wondered if you could suggest something suitable to go on into autumn. My age is 18½ years, my figure very slim and considered stylish, and I adore clothes."

An outfit that will take you right on into autumn, looking right in fashion, would be a sleeveless top, cardigan jacket, and accordion-pleated skirt, incorporating three colors. Have skirt navy, top white, and jacket red piped in white. Red, white, and blue is new again for autumn casuals.

## Evening blouse

"MY problem is a dressy blouse to wear with a long, black skirt I have just made myself. Please give me suggestions for material and trimming."

A blouse with a scoop neckline (a low, oval line) made with long sleeves, neckline banded in heading or embroidery made in luxury fabric, is one of the newest designs for an evening blouse. Alternative ideas, and just as new, are a design with a square portrait neckline, a satin sheath-type design, or a blouse jacket. As you have probably gathered, the main idea is a low neckline, soft shoulders, and wide sleeves, ending anywhere below the elbow.

## Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"BIDDY."—An attractively styled smock with deep revers and buttoned front fastenings. The material is summer breeze. Colors include cyclamen, blue, green, and black; green, yellow, cyclamen, and black; pale blue, marine, maize, and purple; blue, red, green, black, and yellow; red, grey, green, black, and yellow. All are bold floral prints on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 32/3. Postage, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 21/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 24/9. Postage, 2/- extra.

"MATTIE."—A pretty house-dress featuring a short sleeve, full skirt, and tie waistline. The material is a printed pique with white spots on a blue, red, or green ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 38/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage, 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/3. Postage, 2/3 extra.

N.B. Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.  
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 385A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.  
Box 408P, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.  
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.  
(N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

For that 'Morning-After' feeling



have a Life Saver





and *now* for

# MARIGNY

(MAREENY)

## HAIR VITALISER

Sun, sand and sea water are fine for **you**, but **not your hair**. That's why outdoor girls always rely on Marigny Hair Vitaliser to combat brittle hair, split ends and dandruff. Don't take chances — nourish your hair with soft Marigny Hair Vitaliser—it's **Australia's No. 1 Hair Tonic**—beats dandruff, tired hair and salt water.



PRICE **2/6** PER TUBE

TRY ALSO :



MARIGNY  
FOAM  
SHAMPOO  
**2/9**



MARIGNY  
WAVE SET  
LOTION  
**2/6**

MARIGNY  
HAIR  
LACQUER  
**3/-**



PRODUCED BY THE MANUFACTURERS  
177 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

OF THE FAMOUS MARIGNY COLD WAVE  
39 PARK STREET, SYDNEY, AND ALL STATES.





HE MAY NOT ALWAYS  
WAIT!



Wait an hour late again. Things happen to hinder you. A shoulder-strap breaks... a ladder starts in your stocking the wind has ruffled your hair... Kirby Beard Quality Specialties will help you to meet such emergencies and be there on time—as charmingly poised as ever!

**Kirby  
Beard**  
BOB PINS

Also Hairpins, Safety Pins, Pins, Needles, etc.



Buy them in your store. Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co., Ltd., Birmingham 15, London, Redditch, Persh.

A Steedman's baby is a  
HAPPY BABY!



When baby starts cutting tiny teeth, it's time to turn to Steedman's Powders. They work safely, and gently, cooling the blood stream and keeping baby's habits regular. Steedman's will ease baby through the difficult teething period and keep him healthy and contented.

Give  
**STEEDMAN'S  
POWDERS**

ON SALE AT ALL CHEMISTS

Learn  
**Story Writing**  
at HOME

"Pleased to report further successes. This makes £51, with more to come."  
"I have had a £10/10/- prize story in the Melb. Sun." This brings my earnings while studying to £25/8/6.  
"I list hereunder my acceptances to the amount of £106/10/9."  
"I have paid for my Freelance Journalism Course easily by my returns from published work."  
"I have had three articles accepted by R.O. and broadcast by the A.B.C."  
"Smith's Weekly" paid me £5 for "Mrs. Hopkins v. The Snook."  
"Three serials returned me £165."  
"I had four stories in the 'Daily Mirror', and one in the 'Sun' last week."  
"I have enjoyed my Literary Course and have earned more than £20."

**Stott's Correspondence College**

100 Russell-st., Melb.; 140 Castlereagh-st., Sydney; 200 Adelaide-st., Brisbane; 21 Greenfield-st., Adelaide.

Mail This Coupon: Cut here  
To Stott's. Please send me Literary Prospectus, free and without obligation.  
MY NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
(A.W.W. 150) AGE .....

**"COOKERY FOR  
PARTIES"**

—Published by The Australian Women's Weekly. Invaluable to all who entertain at home. All newsagents and bookstalls, 2/-.

## Shape your hair style to your face

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

● At one time or another, most of us have seen a hair-do described in a magazine as the latest, the smartest, the most becoming head of the season... But is it for you?

HERE are some practical suggestions to help you choose the prettiest hair-style for your face whether it is round, square, or triangular in shape.

### Triangular

A NARROW forehead with equal fullness across the cheeks and jawline forms the triangular face. A heavy jawline combined with a narrow forehead is the problem.

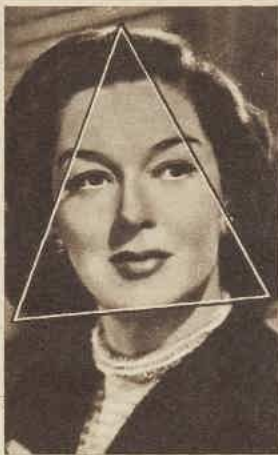
Here you see Rosalind Russell with a hair-do which is one of the answers. It is a pleasant style, which goes well with most hair lengths.

This type of face needs a style that lifts the hair back and up from the temples, giving an appearance of width to the narrow forehead, and so counterbalancing the real width of the lower part of the face.

Remember that soft bangs further disguise the narrow forehead.

Make a note that your hair should be worn behind and above the ears to give flattering balance. Have it waved softly and dressed loosely.

DON'T... wear your hair flat



and close to the head at a point even with the sides of the narrow forehead, as this accents irregularity of features.

Wear a close style on top of the head, which permits fullness at points even with the jaw and chin-line.

### Round

THIS type is completely round at cheeks, chin, and forehead, so the aim is to give a longer line.

Study the picture of Doris Day, then read how her hair-style helps her away from a full-blown-rose look.

Have your hair waved softly, if your face is round, avoiding any possibility of severity at the hair-line. It should be dressed fully and softly above the ears.

The slightly diagonal parting is important, too, because it reduces the width of the forehead.

Keep the full body of the hair at the back of the ears, to show a minimum or none, at the point even with the chin-line.

DON'T... slick the hair away from the forehead, wear it in round dips or in round, flat curls, wear straight bangs, or try to copy exotic styles.



### Square

A STRAIGHT line across the chin-line, and almost the same width across the browline, characterises the square face.

Alexis Smith is a type in point, and the object in every hairstyle she wears is to soften the squared line of the chin.

Wear a diagonal parting in the hair, dress it softly and loosely, with fullness above and behind the ears.

Aim to create as many soft curves in your hairstyle as possible, to counteract hard angles. Small curls will serve only to point up large features.

DON'T... consider any hair-style that has straight, square, or flat lines. Dutch bangs, too much width in hair across the jawline, and any suggestion of a straight bob should be completely avoided.

What about the correct haircut? For the statistically minded, the stylist who planned this design says the perfect hair length ranges from three and a half inches in the front to four and a half at the back,



measuring from the crown of the head.

Graduated length in two layers at the front and the sides and three layers at the back permits great variation in styling.

Protection  
against  
napkin  
rash



'Borofax,' applied at every napkin change, prevents chafing and irritation. It is easy to apply... cannot spill... and is economical.

Obtainable from your chemist in tubes of two sizes.

**'BOROFAX'**  
OINTMENT

A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT

Good brushes  
you can  
well afford

HYGEX rubber-cushioned brushes promote healthier, lovelier hair by their deep, even penetration to the scalp. They're remarkable value for money—that's why they're so popular in Britain!



AGENT:

GEORGE H. S. HOOS,  
287A Little Collins Street,  
Melbourne, C.I.

From all good stores. Available in  
● WIRE  
● NYLON  
● BRISTLE

**Hygex**  
RUBBER-CUSHIONED  
HAIRBRUSHES

**NEW! ...a cream deodorant**

which safely STOPS  
under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Small jars 1/-; large jars 2/3

**ARRID** THE LARGEST  
SELLING  
DEODORANT







# Come'n get it!

## NIFTY NOTIONS FOR BREAKFASTS WITH MAXAM CHEESE

**MAXAM RECIPES**  
**No. 1 BREAKFAST**  
**DISHES**  
CUT OUT  
FOR REFERENCE

Here's the first of a new series of Maxam advertisements designed to be of real help to you in your housekeeping. This time, some different ideas for breakfast dishes. Later advertisements will feature, in turn, recipes for cut lunches, party savouries, luncheons, salads, dinner dishes. Start saving them to-day!



### SCRAMBLED EGGS & MAXAM CHEESE

Ingredients:—2 eggs, 1 large cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 4 oz. MAXAM CHEESE (grated), 1 cup breadcrumbs.

Melt butter in small saucepan, add grated cheese, salt, pepper, eggs, milk and crumbs. Stir over a fire until it thickens. Serve on hot toast and garnish with finely chopped parsley.



### MAXAM SAVOURY BALLS

Ingredients:—1 lb. potatoes mashed, 3 oz. breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 4 oz. MAXAM CHEESE (grated), 1 egg.

Mix the above ingredients together with well beaten egg. Roll into balls size of walnut. Deep fry a golden brown about 7 minutes. Do not let them touch when cooking. Serve hot with strips of bacon and parsley.



### MAXAM SAVOURY TOAST

Toast required number slices of bread on one side. Cover untoasted side with sliced tomatoes. Place under grill for a few seconds, then cover with MAXAM CHEESE and small pieces of bacon. Grill for a few minutes and serve hot.



### MAXAM MOCK CRAB

Equal quantities of grated MAXAM CHEESE and raw potato. Add one well beaten egg, pinch of pepper and salt. A little grated onion may be added. Cook in flat dish 5 minutes on gas and 5 minutes under grill. If making a large quantity bake in a pyrex dish to a golden brown in a moderate oven. Serve with grilled tomatoes, etc.



### MAXAM CHEESE DREAMS

3 slices white bread, 3 slices wholemeal bread, 4 oz. MAXAM CHEESE, 1 egg, 1 cup milk—slice cheese very thin and place between slices of buttered bread, using one of white and one of wholemeal. Cut each sandwich in halves. Beat egg and add milk. Dip sandwich in mixture and fry on both sides until a golden brown.



### MAXAM CHEESE OMELET

Beat 3 egg whites till very stiff. Mix yolks with 1 dessertspoon of cold water, salt to taste. Fold in whites. Place in hot pan greased with 1 teaspoon butter or margarine and fry about one minute over gas, loosening edges with knife. Sprinkle 3 tablespoons grated MAXAM CHEESE over top, place under grill for a moment, then fold over and slip on to plate. Serve immediately—garnish with little parsley.



### MAXAM CHEESE & BACON ROLLS

Cut slices of MAXAM CHEESE in one inch lengths, roll in bacon, and place a toothpick through (if packed close together toothpick will not be required), place under hot grill for 5 minutes. Serve with grilled tomatoes.



### MAXAM WELSH RAREBIT

6 oz. MAXAM CHEESE, 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons milk, mustard, pepper, butter toast. Slice cheese into small pieces, place in saucepan with butter, milk and little mustard, pepper to taste. Stir over low heat till mixture looks like thick cream. Serve on hot buttered toast immediately.



### MAXAM SAVOURY SPINACH

Steam sufficient spinach for number of persons required, grill MAXAM CHEESE and serve with eggs on top.



**MAXAM**

## THE CHEESE WITH BALANCED FLAVOUR

Specially selected fine old cheddars, ripened to the very peak of flavour, blended with rich, mellow, mild cheeses—that's the secret of Maxam Balanced Flavour! That's the secret of Maxam popularity with young and old alike! Maxam Cheese is ALL cheese—vitamin-rich, concentrated goodness from our richest dairy lands, pasteurized, sealed in airtight tinfoil—Australia's finest packet cheese.



*When you make up your grocery order don't forget...*



## MAXAM BAKEO

Just add water to Bakeo, roll out, and bake—you'll turn out the lightest, crispest, richest pastry every time! No measuring, no mixing, no mistakes! And you can make delicious cakes, puddings, biscuits just as easily!



## MAXAM Canned Specialities

Delicious cold meats, ready-cooked dishes for serving hot, savoury spreads. Plan easy breakfasts, lunches, dinners, snacks, supper savouries with tempting, satisfying Maxam ready-to-serve canned delicacies!





ANY ONE of these appetising dishes—stuffed crumbed cutlets, fish soufflé in potato case, ham ring with green peas, and corn-stuffed baby marrows—will be welcomed on the luncheon table. Recipes are given on this page.

## LUNCHEON DISHES

● Here are easy-to-prepare dishes, rather special and slightly glamorous, to spice your luncheon menus. They'll please the family and surprise and delight your guests. Do try them!

EATING is an everyday business and monotony can quickly occur. Well-cooked dishes with a touch of the unusual in flavor or appearance will add interest and appeal to the menu.

Try one of the suggestions on this page for week-end or mid-week luncheons in place of the usual hurry-up dishes.

They are guaranteed delicious.

### STUFFED CRUMBED CUTLETS

Six lamb cutlets, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, ½ lb. sausage-meat, pinch herbs, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon tomato sauce, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, browned crumbs for covering.

Combine white breadcrumbs with sausage-meat, herbs, salt and pepper to taste, and onion. Add sauces, mix well. Remove skin and any gristle from cutlets. Wipe over with damp cloth. Using small, sharp-pointed knife, make incision through fat, right into meat of each cutlet, making a pocket. Pack 1 heaped teaspoonful of stuffing into each pocket, larger cutlets may take more. Join

edges together with cocktail stick or sharpened match. Coat cutlets with seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing, drain, and toss in browned crumbs. Allow to stand for 15 minutes, dip again in egg-glazing and toss again in breadcrumbs. Firm crumbs on to cutlets with broad-bladed knife. Place in baking-dish with sufficient melted fat to barely cover bottom of dish. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F. gas, 425 deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes, turning once during cooking. Remove cocktail sticks, serve piping hot with grilled bacon rolls, minted carrots, spaghetti, and tomato sauce.

### FISH SOUFFLE IN POTATO CASE

Potato Case: Two and a half cups mashed cooked potato, 1 egg, 2 dessertspoons margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Filling: One pound cooked flaked fish (fresh or smoked), 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, salt to taste, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled green pepper, ½ cup finely diced cooked celery, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons bread-

crumbs, 1 teaspoon margarine or butter, lemon wedges, tomato wedges, and parsley.

While potatoes are still hot, beat in margarine or butter, milk, and egg-yolk. Beat egg-white until stiff, fold into potato. Line bottom and sides of greased pie-dish evenly with potato.

Prepare Filling: Melt margarine or butter, add flour and salt, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk, continue stirring until mixture boils. Fold in onion, red pepper, green pepper, celery, lemon juice, and flaked fish.

Turn into potato-lined pie-dish, top with breadcrumbs, dot with margarine or butter. Bake in moderate

### By Our Food and Cookery Experts

oven (350 deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) until mixture is reheated and crumbs lightly browned. Served garnished with lemon wedges, tomato wedges, and parsley.

### CORN-STUFFED BABY MARROWS

Choose small, fresh marrows, cut in halves lengthwise. Carefully remove seeds and pith with teaspoon. Combine ½ cups cooked corn (tinned or shredded from the cob) with 1 teaspoon grated shallot or onion, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons finely grated cheese, and ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Fill into marrow shells. Place in greased baking-dish, cover with

greased kitchen paper, bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F. gas, 425 deg. F. electric) until marrows are tender. Top with chopped mint, serve piping hot with baked tomato halves topped with grated cheese and parsley sprigs.

### HAM RING WITH GREEN PEAS

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, ½ cup grated cheese, 3 eggs, salt and cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 cups finely chopped ham or cooked cold meat, breadcrumbs, 1 hard-boiled egg, ½ cups cooked green peas, lettuce leaves, tomato wedges, and celery curls to garnish.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, beat until smooth. Cook 1 or 2 minutes without browning, add milk, stir until boiling. Remove from heat, add grated cheese, beaten eggs, salt and cayenne to taste, parsley, and ham or meat. Pour into greased ring-tin which has been thickly coated with breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F. gas, 425 deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out on to flat dish, chill. Serve on bed of lettuce leaves, top with sliced hard-boiled egg, fill centre with green peas. Garnish plate with balance of green peas, tomato wedges, and celery curls.

### POACHED FISH WITH DEVILED SPINACH

Six fish fillets (bream, flathead, or whiting), ½ cup wine, sauterne, or milk, ½ cup water, salt, pepper, bay leaf, 4 cups cooked, shredded spinach, 2 tablespoons prepared mustard, 3 tablespoons grated cheese,

½ teaspoon finely chopped garlic, 2 teaspoons salt, dash cayenne pepper, 1 egg.

Place fish in greased baking-dish, add wine or milk and water. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and add bay leaf. Cover with greased kitchen paper, bake 15 minutes in moderate oven (350 deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric). Remove paper and bay leaf, drain off liquid (reserve for use in recipes requiring fish stock). Mix spinach with mustard, cheese, garlic, salt, cayenne, and beaten egg. Spread over fish fillets, place under moderately hot grill for 3 to 4 minutes. Serve hot with potato chips and lemon wedges.

### BAKED APPLE STEAK

One and a half pounds sirloin steak, 2 apples, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 2oz. margarine or good clean fat, 2 dessertspoons brown sugar, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped mint.

Cut pocket in steak, wipe all over with damp cloth. Peel, core, and slice apples, mix with sugar, salt and pepper to taste, and chopped mint. Pack into pocket of steak, tie loosely with fine string or join edges of pocket together with cocktail sticks. Melt margarine or fat, rub over outside surface of steak; coat with breadcrumbs, place in baking-dish, cover with greaseproof paper. Cook in moderate oven (350 deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) 1½ hours. Remove paper, cook further 10 to 15 minutes or until brown. Serve with diced carrots sautéed in little margarine or butter, mashed potatoes, peas or beans, and rich sauce which forms under steak during cooking period.





## Everybody enjoys those delicious crunchy sandwiches made with a **JAFFLE PRESSURE TOASTER**



1. Place a slice of bread on Jaffle Toaster . . . put in filling . . . cover with another slice of bread, place over heat and cook each Jaffle individually in a minute or two to your own individual liking.
2. Use any fillings you desire . . . Meat, fruit, savouries, fish, leftovers . . . The Jaffle Pressure Toaster makes the most delicious and economical dishes.
3. The whole Jaffle is uniformly toasted through the even distribution of heat . . . Designed to give you the perfect JAFFLE.

YOU CAN ONLY MAKE JAFFLES WITH A



Obtainable at Departmental, Hardware, and Electrical Stores.



THIS appetizing dinner dish—marinade steak with stuffed onions—is simple to prepare and very nourishing. See recipe on this page.

## New way to serve steak

THE family and guests will readily enjoy this marinade steak, which is served with onion cups filled with kidney and mushroom stuffing and topped with grated cheese. Recipe wins first prize of £5 in this week's cookery contest.

Other worthy consolation prize-winning recipes are for egg-nog pie and vegetable scones.

(All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.)

### MARINADE STEAK WITH STUFFED ONION CUPS

One pound rump steak, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup water, bacon rolls to garnish.

Onion Cups: Four large onions, 3 or 4 mushrooms, 3 tablespoons diced cooked kidney or 3 bacon rashers (rind removed), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, stock, or milk to moisten, 1 dessertspoon grated cheese.

Place steak on deep plate or dish, pour over sauces and vinegar mixed together, allow to stand 1 hour. Peel onions, place close together in saucepan. Barely cover with water, add pinch salt. Bring to boiling point, simmer 4 minutes. Drain, cool. When cold enough to handle, remove centres, leaving a thick shell. Peel and chop mushrooms, sauté in melted margarine or butter with chopped bacon (if used). Combine breadcrumbs, sautéed mushrooms, kidney (or bacon), parsley, and salt, and pepper to taste. Moisten with milk or stock. Fill into centres of onions, heap a little on top. Lightly sprinkle with cheese, place on greased baking-dish. Bake in moderate oven, 400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric, 30 minutes. Drain steak, grill until tender, 12 to 15 minutes, turning frequently. Blend flour with little of the water, add balance, stir into marinade in which meat was soaking. Stir, and bring to boiling

point, season with salt, and pepper, simmer 3 minutes. Serve steak piping hot on heated serving dish. Arrange onions and cooked green peas around, garnish with bacon rolls and parsley sprigs. Serve gravy separately.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Gould, 3 Salisbury Street, Waverley, N.S.W.

### EGG-NOG PIE

Four tablespoons flour, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs, 2 dessertspoons brandy or sherry, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, one 9in. cooked biscuit pastry case, 1 cup finely grated dark chocolate.

Combine flour and sugar, gradually stir in milk, keeping very smooth. Stir over gentle heat until mixture boils and thickens, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool, stirring frequently to keep smooth. Beat egg-yolks, add a little warm milk mixture, stir well, add to balance of milk mixture. Fold in brandy and nutmeg, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into cooked pastry case, cover top with grated chocolate. Chill. Serve cut in wedges with cooked pineapple rings and whipped cream or substitute.

Consolation Prize of £1, to Mrs. M. Howe, 15 Eildon Road, St. Kilda, Vic.

### VEGETABLE SCONES

Two dessertspoons margarine or butter, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 cup mashed cooked pumpkin (dry type is best), 1 egg, 1 tablespoon grated carrot, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon milk powder, pinch salt, 1 cup milk.

Cream shortening and sugar, add mashed pumpkin, grated carrot, and onion. Mix well. Add beaten egg. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, mix to a medium dough with milk. Turn on to a floured board, roll to lin. thickness. Cut into rounds with floured cutter. Place on greased oven tray. Bake in hot oven 450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric, approximately 15 minutes. May be served hot with any meat casserole, or split and spread with butter or cream cheese.

Consolation Prize of £1, to Mrs. V. Taylor, Upper Corindi, via Grafton, N.S.W.



PREPARING the onions to serve with the prize-winning marinade steak dish pictured at top of page. When onions are par-boiled, centres can be removed quite easily, and onion case filled with stuffing. Prepare these while steak is soaking in marinade.



### ● COOLING

A glass of sparkling Eno cools you through and through . . . makes even the hottest day seem cooler.

### ● REFRESHING

When you feel jaded, make straight for your Eno bottle. A "dash" of Eno is a grand refresher at any time.

### ● INVIGORATING

A bubbling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing in the morning will help you to face the day with renewed vigour.

**ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"**





# Delight a Hungry Husband and the youngsters!



Heinz Baked Beans are tops for taste with every man . . . they're tender, mellow and hearty because they're oven-baked and soaked through and through in rich tomato sauce. Two varieties—Heinz Vegetarian Baked Beans and Heinz Baked Beans with tender pork to add nourishment and enrich flavour! For tasty quick-and-easy meals, serve Heinz Baked Beans—often. For "something different" try these tasty recipes.



## BAKED BEANS WITH ONION RINGS

Cut 1 large onion into thin slices, separate into rings and fry in just enough fat to prevent sticking. Move onions to one side and heat contents of one 16 oz. tin of Heinz Baked Beans on other side. Pour beans into platter and top with onion rings. Serve on toast. (Serves 4).



## BAKED BEANS WITH BARBECUED MEAT BALLS

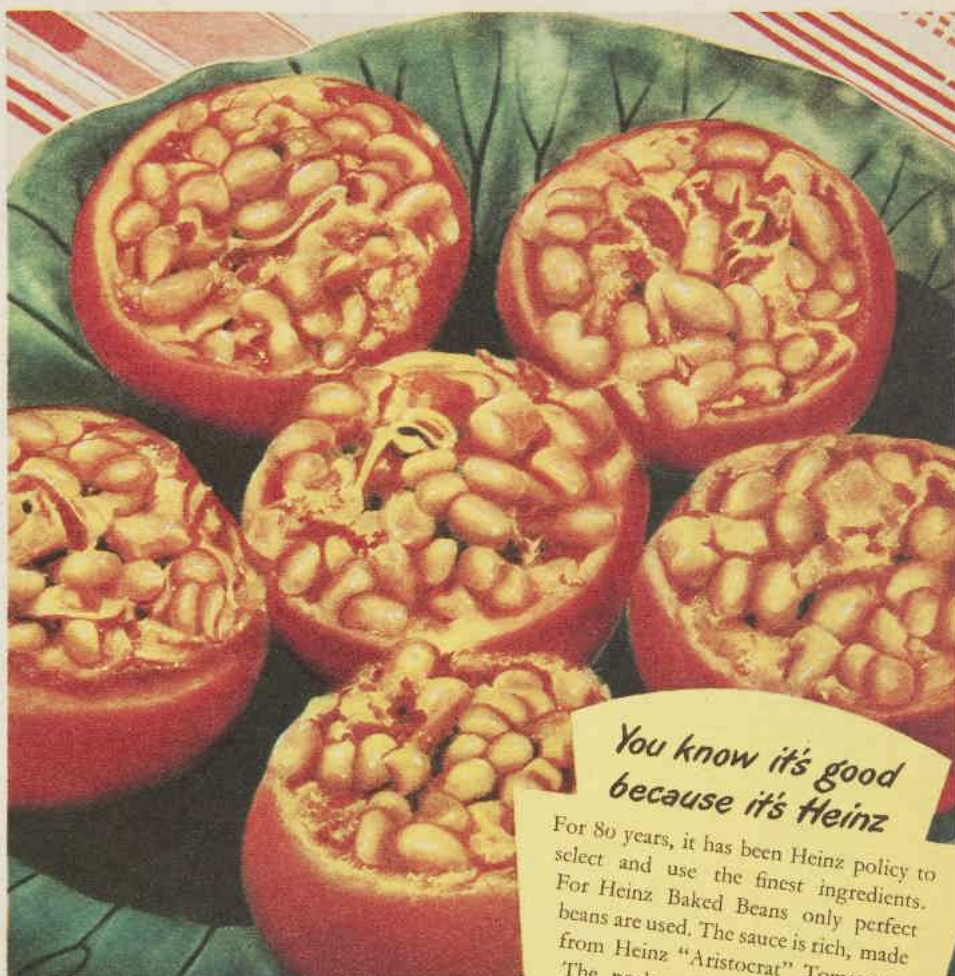
To 1 lb. minced pork, beef or left over meat, add salt and pepper to taste. Form into balls  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. Brown in the fat. Add 1 cup Heinz Tomato Sauce, 1 tbs. brown sugar, 1 tbs. vinegar, 1 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. prepared mustard. Cover pan. Simmer for five minutes. Heat contents of one 16 oz. tin Heinz Baked Beans. Top hot beans with Meat Balls. (Serves 4).



## AS A SECOND VEGETABLE

Use Heinz Oven-Baked Beans all the year 'round as a second vegetable, for breakfast with bacon and for lunches or snacks with an egg and toast.

**FREE RECIPE FOLDER**—delicious Baked Bean dishes that are quick and easy to prepare. Write to Advertising Department, H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Bendigo Street, Richmond, Victoria.



*You know it's good  
because it's Heinz*

For 80 years, it has been Heinz policy to select and use the finest ingredients. For Heinz Baked Beans only perfect beans are used. The sauce is rich, made from Heinz "Aristocrat" Tomatoes. The pork used, a special cut, is chosen for extra tastiness. The oven-baking makes the Beans tender and so easily digestible. Try some today.

## BAKED BEANS IN TOMATOES

Scald and peel 6 large tomatoes. Cut slice from top of each and scoop out insides. Saute 2 finely chopped green peppers and 6 slices of bacon (diced), add contents of one 16 oz. tin of Heinz Baked Beans and drained pulp from inside tomatoes. Season tomato shells with salt and pepper, fill with mixture and bake 20 minutes in moderately slow oven. (Serves 3).



Now in 2 sizes  
1 lb. and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.

# Heinz OVEN BAKED Beans

H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD. Melbourne - Sydney - Brisbane - Adelaide - Perth

57





Acme's latest feature—the 'pressure indicator'—is something to sing about! Something that gives you better results for less effort. Something which means that everything you wring—delicate silks, gay cottons, sturdy linens, fluffy woollens, now receive exactly the right pressure needed to extract water, expel embedded dirt and preserve the life and freshness of each fabric. Acme's 'pressure indicator' simply 'takes the guesswork out of wringing!'

You'll feel pretty happy about Acme's rubber rollers too. They're made from the finest resilient rubber, and they're solid right through to the spindle. That's why they wear better, last longer. Acme make them themselves and always have!

In fact Acme have been making wringers since long before you were born. They've been at it for seventy years! So with each Acme made goes all the accumulated skill, knowledge, invention, research and improvement that only years of experience can give. This is what gives you real results—Acme results! And 4 million Acmes sold already speak for that fact.

Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LIMITED DAVID STREET GLASGOW SE SCOTLAND

SEE  
the new  
**ACME**  
with the  
'pressure  
indicator'

Obtainable  
at all leading hardware and  
departmental stores

Factory Representatives:  
**J. CHALEYER & CO.**  
Pioneer House  
353 Flinders Lane  
**MELBOURNE, C.1**



## Stomach causing WOE AND GRIEF

Hearthburn, flatulence and other painful symptoms of indigestion are usually caused by excess acid in the stomach. The pain is relieved when you neutralise the acid—and that you can do, easily, conveniently, at any time, simply by sucking Digestif Rennie tablets. Rennie's five-fold formula acts almost instantly, restoring normal digestion.

From Chemists and Stores—  
1/- and 3/6.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES**

—individually wrapped—easy to carry

DR 31.10

## ALL UGLY HAIR GONE!



IN 3 MINUTES

Just apply the amazing hair-removing cream called Vee. After three minutes wash off. Every trace of hair is gone like magic! Vee leaves your arms and legs velvety-soft and smooth. No stubble like the razor leaves.

No risk of cuts or scrapes. Vee is the easy, quick, modern way to end the embarrassment of unwanted hair. Successful results guaranteed with Vee or money refunded. Supplies available at all Chemists & Stores 2/6 per tube.



VIEW of the delightful country house, "Greenacres," the Moorooduc home of Mr. and Mrs. George Beggs, Mornington peninsula, Victoria. Remodelled inside and out, and well equipped with all modern conveniences, the 70-year-old weatherboard farmhouse still retains picturesque "cottage" appearance, enhanced by planting of sweeping lawns and English trees and shrubs.

## Old farmhouse rejuvenated . . .

THE attractive country home glimpsed on these pages has been created by Mr. and Mrs. George Beggs from a 70-year-old weatherboard farmhouse.

This green-and-white house, aptly called "Greenacres," is situated at Moorooduc, on the Mornington peninsula, Victoria.

Armed with paint and paintbrush, Mrs. Beggs rejuvenated much of the furniture herself, and her choice of colors and furnishings for the living-room, the bedrooms, smoke-room, and modernised kitchen are in keeping with the charm of the surroundings.

Walls and woodwork of the spacious living-room are painted in two delicate shades of blue-green. Couches and chairs wear ivory, blue, and green covers. Desk and small tables are off-white.



MAP OF DISTRICT, bought for few pence, mounted on plywood, lacquered, and framed to match old cedar cupboard, gives distinctive note in smoke-room.

## CARE OF NEW BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse.

UNFORTUNATELY, with the housing conditions as they are at present, many mothers have to bring up their babies in someone else's home for the first time.

These first months are most important in a child's life, and many relatives and well-meaning friends can make this time of baby's early training very difficult for the young mother.

Often they regard a new baby as a plaything, with the result that it is badly handled and overstimulated.

A baby's brain is growing very rapidly in the early months, and quiet and careful handling and long hours of restful sleep are essential for its good nutrition.

Digestive upsets and an over-excited brain can result if too much attention is given to young babies.

A leaflet on the dangers of early overstimulation can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.



EXQUISITE arrangement of flowers by Mrs. Beggs greatly enhances charm of living-room. Cheery open fireplace wears white painted fitting wire screen to keep farmhouse free from flies and mosquitoes during summer months.





CASEMENT WINDOW RECESS built into living-room, hung with soft blue-green curtains, is cheery corner for reading and writing. Modern writing-table and matching occasional table were painted off-white by Mrs. Beggs, who rejuvenated much of furniture in the farmhouse.



TALL, antique American oil-lamp refitted as electric lamp, pewter candlesticks, books, and intriguing ornaments and lovely flower arrangements provide decorative finish in mushroom-carpeted living-room.



NARROW DOORWAY of original farmhouse has been transformed into specimen shelves topping small but useful cupboard. Pewter, Limoges china, and exquisite Chinese pottery decorate the shelves.

## SEMI-TROPICAL VINES

- While the warm weather lasts those semi-tropical vines or ramblers which need mild days before they will settle down should be planted out.

**PROMINENT** among them are the Coral vine (*Antigonon leptopus*), which usually smothers trellises and fence round about late February with masses of deep coral bells. This vine, like many others, has to be set out while the soil is warm or it does not transplant very well.

If given a sunny position facing north or north-west it will soon climb to the top of a 5 ft. fence or take possession of a good trellis. The soil can range from sandy to heavy loam. The Golden Chalice vine, *Solantra nitida*, is another of the same sort. It objects to frost at any time and needs a very warm, well-protected position, and ample moisture.

*Bauhinia scandens*, which has lovely pink flowers, and *Beaumontia grandiflora*, a magnificent climber that also detests frost, will produce large, creamy, trumpet-shaped flowers. These two, if given a warm spot, are also very choice subjects.

*Hoya carnosa*, or wax flower, used to be very popular many years ago, but is rarely seen to-day. It does well in a bush-house or facing east against a wall. The flowers are extremely waxy, pale pink, star-shaped, and highly fragrant at night.

*Lapageria rosea* and its white variety, *Lapageria alba*, are two other very choice climbers that will grow inside a bush-house, if the soil is deep, well-drained, and fertile. The blooms are large and of waxy consistency.—Our Home Gardener.

## BIG FAMILY DESSERT FROM ONE JUNKET TABLET



AND LUSCIOUS JUNKETS MADE WITH "MERRY WIDOW" ONLY HALF THE COST OF OTHERS!

Now junket has been made twice as delicious at half the cost! You get 16 "Merry Widow" double-strength Junket Tablets for 1/1d. That's less than a penny a tablet! And—every concentrated tablet transforms a pint of milk into at least six good helpings of luscious, fruity-flavoured junket dessert!

Six flavours in every package, and plain variety as well!

Yes! Six different flavours—and each one extra delicious, extra rich with the flavour you prefer. Try "Merry Widow" Junkets just once, and you'll agree that junket is more delicious and exciting than ever before. Keep them handy in your kitchen for quick, money-saving and nourishing fruity-flavoured desserts. No cooking. Ask for "Merry Widow" Junkets.



6 LUSCIOUS FLAVOURS!

Raspberry  
Pineapple  
Strawberry  
Cherry  
Fruit Salad  
Vanilla  
Plain Variety



16 TABLETS FOR ONLY 1/1

**Merry Widow**  
FRUIT-FLAVOURED  
JUNKETS



**BOVRIL**

Goes in for flavour





# SUPER VERM-X

AUSTRALIA'S  
MOST POWERFUL  
INSECTICIDE

**KILLS FLIES,  
MOSQUITOES, MOTHS  
SILVERFISH AND  
ALL INSECT PESTS!**

**INSTANT KNOCKDOWN  
WATCH THEM DIE!**

**LONG LASTING  
KILLING POWER  
REMAINS DEADLY FOR MONTHS**

**MAXIMUM STRENGTH  
Plus D.D.T. 5%  
140 MGS. PYRETHRUM  
PER 100 c.c.**

A completely efficient insect  
spray **MUST** contain these  
two essential ingredients—

**PYRETHRUM** for instant knock  
down—**D.D.T.** for lasting killing  
power—and that's what **VERM-X**  
**DOUBLE ACTION** means—Instant  
killing—lasting effect.

**UNIQUE VERM-X DOUBLE ACTION GIVES INSTANT KNOCK DOWN-REMAINS DEADLY FOR MONTHS**



**UNCONDITIONALLY  
GUARANTEED**

**THE DEADLIEST, FASTEST  
KILLING INSECT SPRAY  
AVAILABLE IN THE WORLD.  
— IT REMAINS DEADLY  
FOR MONTHS!**

Available NOW at Chemists  
and all good stores

**HERE'S FUN FOR THE KIDS!  
A GAY AND COLOURFUL  
WALT DISNEY CHARACTER  
PARTY MASK**

is included with every bottle of  
**VERM-X  
INSECTICIDE**  
Australia's most Powerful and  
Unconditionally Guaranteed  
Insect Spray.

Give the kiddies the thrill of their  
young lives. They'll have tons of fun  
with these life-like party masks of  
loveable, laughable Mickey Mouse,  
Donald Duck, and other well-known  
Walt Disney identities, all printed in  
brilliant full colour.

**GET YOURS TODAY!**



**BUT FOR  
GREATER ECONOMY USE  
VERM-X CONCENTRATED  
INSECT EXTERMINATOR**

and make your own guaranteed insect  
spray this way.

Buy a 1½-oz. bottle of **VERM-X CONCENTRATED  
INSECT EXTERMINATOR** (makes a pint for 1/6).  
Simply add a pint of any good kerosene—the  
result will amaze you. You will then have almost  
3 times the quantity of guaranteed **VERM-X Insect  
Spray** for the same price as you will normally pay  
for a small 8-oz. bottle.

THIS SUMMER — AS ALWAYS — THE LEADING SPRAY FOR INSTANT KILLING IS READY-TO-USE REGULAR VERM-X



# Fashion PATTERNS



**F5825.**—Simple one-piece with a pretty shawl bodice yoke. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

**F5826.**—Box-pleated school tunic. Sizes 27, 31, 34, and 36in. lengths for 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2yds. 54in. material or 2 3-8yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

**F5827.**—Long-sleeved school blouse. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

**F5828.**—Lace-trimmed dress with matching lace-trimmed jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. lace. Price, 2/8.

**F5829.**—Prettily gathered skirt for a one-piece dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

**F5830.**—A trim, one-piece playsuit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

• **TO ORDER:** Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 37.



**F5829**

**F5828**

**F5830**



**F5826**



**F5827**

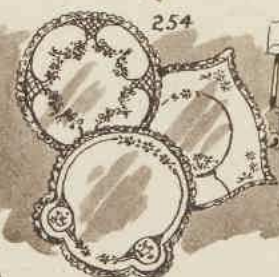


**251**

**252**



**253**



**254**



**255**

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 251.—LINGERIE SET

This dainty set is cut out ready to make in white, pale pink, and blue rayon satin. Note the snug fit of the nightgown at the waist, and the tiny bows. Lace is supplied for trimming. Sizes, 32-38in. bust. Price: Nightgown, 3/11. Regd. postage 2/- extra. Slip, 19/9. Regd. postage 1/3 extra. Scanties, 8/11. Regd. postage 1/- extra. Complete set, 59/3. Regd. postage 2/6 extra.

**Nos. 252, 253.—DRESSING-GOWNS**  
These useful children's dressing-gowns are cut out ready to sew. The material is a springtime cambric with a white spot on red, blue, turquoise, and yellow grounds. Sizes: Length, 29in., 2 yrs., price 12/11. Regd. postage 1/- extra. Length, 31in., 3 yrs., price 13/9. Regd. postage 1/3 extra. Length, 33in., 4 yrs., price 14/11. Regd. postage 1/6 extra. Length, 37in., 5-6 yrs., 15/3. Regd. postage 1/9 extra.

### No. 254.—THREE D'OYLEYS

Traced ready to embroider in pastel tints, these three dainty d'oyleys measure 8in. x 8in. They are obtainable in heavy

cream linen, in pastel shades of pink, green, lemon, blue, and in white sheer linen, and in the same colored organdie. Price: Linen, 1/- each, set of three 2/9. Organdie, 9d. each, set of three 2/- Postage: 2½d. extra for each d'oyley, 3½d. extra for set of three.

### No. 255.—BEACH SUIT

Cut out ready to sew, this child's frilled beach suit will prove most useful. The material is a pretty floral haircord in tints of pink, lemon, and green; blue, pink, and green; lemon, green, and brown; cyclamen, pink, and green, on white grounds.

Sizes: Length, 18in., 2 yrs., price 5/3. Regd. postage 1/- extra. Length, 19in., 3 yrs., price 5/11. Regd. postage 1/- extra. Length, 20in., 4 yrs., price 6/3. Regd. postage 1/3 extra. Length, 23in., 5-6 yrs., price 6/11. Regd. postage 1/3 extra.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 251, 252, 253, 254, and 255 please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

# INECTO

HAIR COLOURING



in 30 minutes  
restores your  
hair to  
its natural  
shade

# INECTO

HAIR COLOURING

Consult your Hairdresser  
or Chemist

## Camilatone

with the S.R.S. Beauty Treatment

For Lovelier Hair  
Individually Yours

### S HAMPOO

First step is your individual colour Camilatone Shampoo. Vitamin-charged, Camilatone cleanses and invigorates both hair and scalp without harsh drying action.

### R INSE+

with the Tonic hair-colour rinse supplied in every packet of Camilatone. Tonic brings light and life to your hair and by subtly defining its natural colour gives enhanced hair loveliness. Extra packets of Tonic in your individual shade also available.

### S ET\*\*

with Lustrat — day-long loveliness for your hair with this beautifier and setting cream. Lustrat leaves a silken sheen, makes brilliantine unnecessary.

## Camilatone

Individual Hair Treatment For  
Lovelier Hair  
At Chemists, Stores, Ladies'  
Hairdressers.



So can you - team up with  
Dolly Dye . . . it imparts  
bright, vivacious colour to  
dowdy clothes.



BOOKLET ON HOME DYING  
FREE - SEND TO 101, 101/1, G.P.O. MELB.



# *Bushells*

## *China*

## *Tea*



### BUY A PACKET - TO-DAY